

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 587.—Vol. XXIII.

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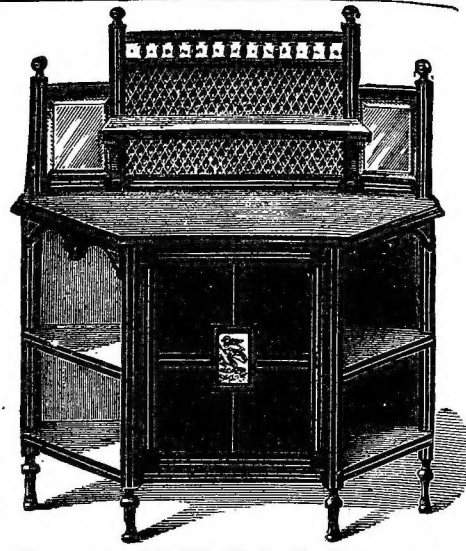
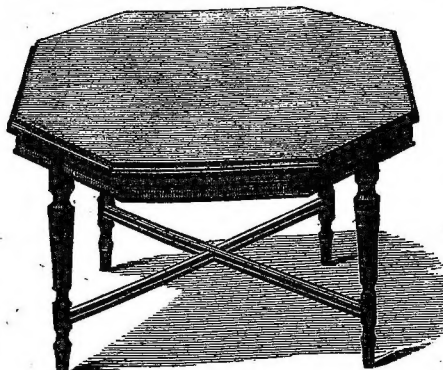
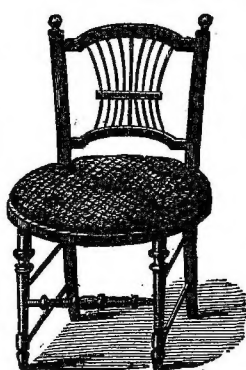
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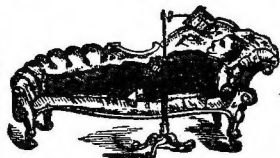
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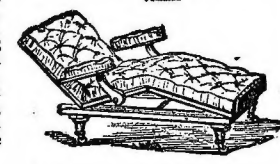
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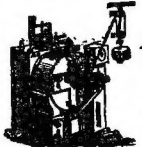
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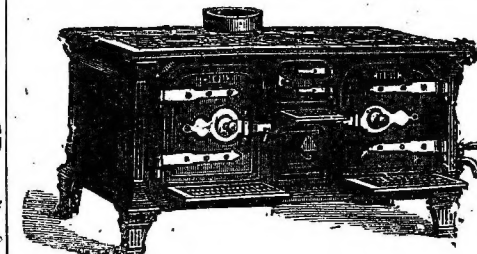


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THE GRAPHIC

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No. 587.—VOL. XXIII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881

PRICE SIXPENCE
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Topics of the Week

ORDER IN IRELAND.—It is probable that Mr. Forster will not have much occasion for the exercise of the powers with which he is to be entrusted by Parliament. The knowledge that these powers, notwithstanding the hostility of Mr. Parnell and his friends, would inevitably be conferred on the Chief Secretary sooner or later, began to produce a wholesome effect some time ago; and now disturbers of the peace are making their way as fast as possible out of the country, while honest tenants who have hitherto been in terror of the Land League are taking courage to pay their rents. Mr. Parnell vehemently protests that the policy of "coercion" will fail; but he protests too much. It is easy to read between the lines of his speeches and manifestoes a consciousness that his day is past, and that "the deliverance of Ireland" is not to be achieved just yet. This fact affords the strongest condemnation of the apathy with which the Government regarded his proceedings for many months. If, when the agitation assumed a dangerous form, Mr. Gladstone had spoken out strongly, there is no reason to believe that it would have caused serious difficulty; and Parliament might have been saved from the violent "scenes" which have brought upon it so much discredit. However, now that order is almost re-established, there is not much use in dwelling on past mistakes: what we have mainly to think of is the work that has still to be done. As yet the public are in complete ignorance of the principles of the Land Bill which the Government intend to introduce; and the chances are that the Whig and Radical Members of the Cabinet have had considerable difficulty in arriving at a compromise. Whether or not "the Three F's" have been adopted, there is little doubt that the House of Commons is prepared to sanction a scheme for settling fair rents and for granting to the tenant reasonable security. This would, no doubt, be a very decided interference with those laws of supply and demand in which most Englishmen have so strong a faith; but it is beginning to be seen that there may be conditions to which even the laws of supply and demand are not wholly applicable. That such a settlement as this would pacify the malcontents is highly improbable; but it would at any rate remove every reasonable ground of complaint.

EGYPT AND HER MAMELUKES.—A very serious and unforeseen crisis has arisen in Egypt. Certain colonels were being court-martialled at Cairo for using insubordinate language to the Minister of War, when the whole garrison of the city, some 3,000 in number, rose in a body, marched with fixed bayonets to the Court, insisted on seeing the Khedive, and obtained not only the release of their officers, but the dismissal of the Minister of War. Not contented with this, the troops talked of a second demonstration in order to obtain redress of further grievances, but having some misgivings as to the manner in which their conduct would be viewed by certain Powers whose influence is not wholly ignored in Egypt, the leaders of the movement consulted the French Consul-General, who succeeded in calming them down and practically restoring order. The lesson to be learned from this incident is twofold. Firstly, it is evident that Egypt is threatened with a return of the old Mameluke régime, and that the Khedive is a mere cipher in the hands of his troops; and secondly, it is not to home but to foreign authorities, that the Mameluke leaders look for counsel and guidance. This last has both its reassuring and its alarming side. If, on the one hand, there is little likelihood that the troops—inspired by a rightful awe of the Foreign consuls—will depose their sovereign, and elect one of their own body in his place, as in days of yore, there is great danger of the situation causing bickerings and jealousies amongst the various Powers who consider Egypt under their safeguard, and which may easily lead to serious international complications. Indeed there are signs of this already when we hear that the "French Consul did not act with perfect loyalty to his English colleague." With Englishmen of the present day Egypt is synonymous with the Suez Canal, and the Suez Canal with our high road to India. This would be seriously endangered were Egypt to become a prey to internecine troubles, complicated by the interference of various Powers each with conflicting interests, a prospect which few Englishmen other than those of the "Perish India" faction can view without the most serious misgivings for the future.

RESTRICTED DEBATE.—No difficulty attended the operation of the new rule which the Speaker announced towards the end of last week, and which he slightly amended in accordance with Sir Stafford Northcote's representations. The House of Commons was thoroughly impatient, and in order to get rid of a tiresome discussion sanctioned the application of the rule by an overwhelming majority. This result was not at all surprising, for it had become obvious that even the arbitrary powers with which the Speaker had formerly been invested would not suffice to put a stop to the obstructive tactics of the Home Rulers. Everything that could be said, reasonably or unreasonably, about the Protection Bill had been advanced again and again, and it was felt both in Parliament and in the country that the time had come for some really decisive step. So far, there may

be no reason to regret what has been done; but it is impossible to reflect without anxiety on the possible consequences hereafter of so wide a departure from ancient custom. There are many indications that we have entered upon an entirely new stage of our political history. In former times, although one party might be beaten by another, there was general confidence that certain prominent traditions would be maintained; but this confidence can no longer be felt. We have given supreme authority to the democracy, and democracies have never been remarkable either for consistency or for toleration of minorities. A time may come, therefore, when the demand for "urgency" will mean a demand for the adoption of hasty and ill-conceived measures, about the expediency of which there will be the strongest doubt among the most thoughtful classes of the community. In these circumstances it is to be hoped that the present Ministry will have recourse to the new system only under pressure of extreme necessity. We should have to pay a heavy price for the restoration of order in Ireland if people were encouraged to think that great questions might be safely settled by the short and easy method of silencing the opponents of popular opinions.

M. GAMBETTA'S DECLARATIONS.—M. Gambetta fairly electrified every one on Monday. For many months he has been credited with being the real Prime Minister of France, and to him has been attributed the fall one after another of various Cabinets which have risen, flourished, and decayed during the past year. Journals of every hue have credited him with the real direction of the foreign policy of the Republic, while, as regards internal affairs, he was stated to be bent on securing the revival of the *scrutin de liste*, and even to be inviting various Deputies to breakfast, with a view to securing their adhesion. The phrase "occult government" became a common parlance with his opponents both in the Press and the Tribune, but it was not until Monday that M. Gambetta made any effort to deny the soft impeachment of being the hidden Dictator of his country. Then, stung by the repetition of this accusation from the lips of a Deputy, M. Gambetta unexpectedly ascended the Tribune, and poured forth a complete and unqualified denial—almost Bismarckian in its abruptness and force—of ever having in the least degree influenced any Cabinet in its action. As to foreign affairs, he had not wholly been aware of what was going on at the time, and now spoke his opinion for the first time. This opinion was a corroboration of his speech at the opening of the Chamber, and was manifestly intended to counteract the electioneering manoeuvres of his opponents, who have been busy circulating reports of the bellicose intentions of the Republican leader, even to distributing pamphlets with the startling title, "Gambetta c'est la Guerre!" France has not yet fully forgotten the disastrous effects of the last war, and is, above all, anxious for peace. Consequently M. Gambetta felt that matters now were going too far, and that unless he met these accusations with a prompt and forcible denial their effect would be manifest during the coming elections, and the ever "timid bourgeoisie" would be induced, as in 1870, to throw themselves into the arms of the Reactionaries. Moreover, people were all the more ready to credit him with bellicose intentions from the *à outrance* policy which he pursued at Bordeaux, and from various utterances—that at Cherbourg in particular (although he now denies that it bore any warlike intent)—which have been popularly interpreted into a leaning towards a warlike policy. M. Gambetta has spoken in time, and though it will be difficult to make his opponents believe that he has been so virtuously innocent of all interference with home and foreign affairs as he would have them believe, the country at large will be infinitely relieved at the two-fold assurance that in voting for M. Gambetta it will not be voting for war, and that until it thinks proper to invite him clearly "to another duty," he will abstain from embarrassing unfortunate Ministers. The only query now likely to be asked is that propounded by Mr. Toole some years since, "Why didn't you say so before?"

ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL.—There is some reason to hope that the miserable war in the Transvaal may be brought to an end without much more fighting. If it can be done honourably everybody will be heartily pleased; for there is probably not a single Englishman who regards the war with any other feelings than irritation and disgust. When the country was annexed, most people thought, like Lord Carnarvon, that the majority of the Boers were in favour of the measure, or, at any rate, that they would very soon be glad to live under British rule. Possibly, if Mr. Gladstone had been rather more reticent in his Midlothian speeches, this last anticipation would have been realised; for it is scarcely likely that they would have thought of fighting if he had not given them to understand that the Liberals were prepared to undo the work of the Tory Government. If the war is to go on, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that it will henceforth be partly conducted by Sir Evelyn Wood. General Colley may be an excellent commander in some respects; but he has not the important secret of success, whereas General Wood has a way of carrying to a triumphant conclusion every enterprise he undertakes. He no sooner appeared on the scene than the prospect began to brighten; and he is all the more likely to do good work since he has at his disposal a fair number of those seasoned troops whose praises were recently set forth

so admirably by General Roberts. Whatever may be the next step, it is to be hoped that on one point the Government will be firm with the Boers. They pretend that such an institution as slavery does not exist among them, but there is overwhelming evidence that if the name is not in use the thing is sufficiently well known. This should not on any account, or under any pretence, be tolerated; and if the Boers hesitate to do justice to the natives there can be no good reason why we should relax the hold which we have acquired over their territory.

SMALL-POX HOSPITALS.—Another small-pox epidemic is in our midst, and our local authorities are at their wits, end to know how to provide sufficient accommodation for the great influx of patients thrown upon their care. Medical officers of health urge their Vestries to build hospitals, and the Vestries are willing enough to act upon the counsel of their medical advisers—when comes the great question of site. The Hampstead Hospital case has not yet been definitively decided, and the "glorious uncertainty" of the law renders their task all the more difficult, as no one can advise them how far they may be rendered liable in the event of householders in the neighbourhood of such a hospital bringing an action against them for depreciating their property. Whether or no a small-pox hospital is a source of infection is, as every one knows, a very hotly contested point. From Fulham we hear that the inhabitants are in a state of terror, while from Homerton, Stockwell, and Deptford careful investigation shows that no small-pox whatever prevails round the hospitals situated in those districts. Leaving, however, this question on one side, it is manifest that small-pox hospitals must exist, and it is equally evident that, for the use at least of the metropolis, they cannot be placed in the wilds of Exmoor or Dartmoor, so that as no uninhabited plain is sufficiently near for the purpose they must be constructed in some district or other of the metropolis. One enterprising medical officer recently proposed a scheme by which small-pox hospitals might be abolished altogether, and by which the disease might be stamped out, namely, by vaccinating every inmate of the house where a case occurred. He urged that it was unfair to tax the vaccinated by compelling them to provide hospitals for a disease which could be at once effectually avoided by the inexpensive method of vaccination, and asserted that the time was not far distant when the public would be compelled through the outcry against Small-Pox Hospitals to resort to vaccination instead of trusting to such an expensive and unsatisfactory method as removing the sick to hospital. This sounds almost as Utopian as a method once attempted by the Turks of isolating every household where a cholera patient had died, and placing a couple of sentries before the door. Consequently, unless the disease is to be spread far and wide amongst the poorer classes, we must resort to the old plan of isolating those stricken by treating them in properly appointed institutions. It has before been suggested that Parliament might be asked to pass a Bill indemnifying any local authority which under the stress of an epidemic found itself compelled to erect a hospital for infectious diseases. Perhaps, however, it is too much to ask our legislators to turn their attention for a few hours from the other side of St. George's Channel to such a purely English object.

THE EASTERN TROUBLE.—Negotiations have been resumed at Constantinople, but whether they are likely to lead to a satisfactory issue nobody can tell. The Porte is said to have offered considerably larger concessions than it has ever before agreed to; and this is not improbable, for Germany is now taking the lead, and Germany is the Power to which the Sultan would naturally be most inclined to show deference. She is not only the strongest of the Continental States, but it is well understood that she is opposed to the speedy or violent dissolution of the Ottoman Empire. But while the authority of Germany is supreme in Constantinople, it does not appear to make itself much felt in Athens. There the people still cry out that they have an absolute right to the territory which the Berlin Conference advised the Porte to cede; and that they are thoroughly in earnest in maintaining this view is proved by the fact that the Government has just called out the Reserves. M. Coumoudouros is severely blamed by some of the Powers for this unexpected decision; but he receives nothing but praise from his countrymen, who know how to interpret his assurance that it is "not meant as a threat." They seem to have abandoned the hope of aid from Europe, but look forward with confidence to warlike movements on the part of the neighbouring nationalities. That these nationalities would rise if they could, is all but certain; but it is not quite so certain that in the event of a Greek war they would be able to give effect to their wishes. It might not suit Russia to sanction a general attack on the Porte in existing circumstances, and even if Russia were willing, her intentions might be thwarted by Germany and Austria. The German Emperor has stated that if war breaks out his Government will attempt to localise it; and this may mean that, in association with the Austrian Emperor, he is prepared to take steps which would make the extension of the area of the conflict almost impossible.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—The recent debate in the House of Lords on the opening of the Public Museums and Galleries on Sundays was conducted on both sides with

considerable vigour. Lord Dunraven presented a deplorable picture of the way in which Sunday is passed in England, and contrasted it with the manner in which the day is enjoyed in the various Continental towns; Lord Shaftesbury as graphically described the French and Germans toiling seven days in the week, and prophesied a similar fate for English workmen if once the rigid rules of Sunday observance were relaxed. There is very little fear, we fancy, of the British workman being compelled to "perform seven days' labour for six days' pay," because the State consents to afford him the means of healthy relaxation, while it cannot certainly be advanced with any show of justice that people work on Sunday as a sequence of the Museums and Galleries being open. Surely this is sufficiently contradicted by the fact that Saturday afternoon has become a general holiday. Indeed the practice of Sunday work is fast decreasing in many Continental towns, and this is all the more striking in Paris—which is ordinarily held up as a very Tophet for Sunday labour. There, as in many smaller French towns, Sunday closing is becoming the rule rather than the exception, and the Palais Royal and the Boulevards present one long array of shutters, while, as Lord Dunraven in his admirable speech testified, the tendency in Protestant Germany and Switzerland is steadily in the direction of a decrease in Sunday labour. The measure also would be permissive and not compulsory. Those who preferred staying at home would be perfectly at liberty to do so, but, at the same time, those who wished for a little wholesome relaxation would not, as at present, be compelled to stay at home for want of it. There is one thing that appears to be lost sight of in all the arguments, namely, the existence of a class between the uneducated workman who frequents the public-house unduly, and whom both sides are anxious to reclaim, each after its own fashion, and the well-to-do class, who either have pictures or *bric à brac* of their own, or who can afford the leisure to visit the public collections. Surely there is a very large class of really well-educated workers, who are confined to offices and shops for many more hours than the workman proper at his bench, who do not visit public-houses on Sunday, and who, moreover, were opportunity afforded them, might possibly form part of that "higher" class who alone—according to the Duke of Westminster—visit galleries. A love and a knowledge of Art is spreading far and wide, and nothing disproves the argument that picture galleries would not be frequented more than the fact—we will not cross the Channel for an instance—that when any galleries are thrown open, at the instance of the Sunday Society, they are invariably crowded.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. —THE CUP, THE CORSIAN BROTHERS. Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, at 7.45. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSIAN BROTHERS at 9.30. Mr. Irving. Morning Performances of THE CUP every Saturday. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) Open to 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—MACBETH Every Evening at 8. Mr. CHARLES WARNER and Mr. HERMANN VEZIN. Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Messrs. E. H. Brooke, E. Lyons, &c. Doors open 6.30. Farce at 7. Monday, Feb. 28, HAMLET.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. —Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NVE CHART.—On MONDAY, Feb. 28, for Six Nights only, the Successful Comic Opera, OLIVETTE.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. First Subscription Concert, THURSDAY EVENING, March 3, at 8 o'clock, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Cantata, "Ich Hatte Viel Bekümmerniss" (J. Seb. Bach). Anthem (Eight Parts), "In Thee, O Lord," unpublished (W. C. Bennett); Gloria from Messe Solennelle in D (Cherubini); Requiem for Mignon (Schumann); Finale from Loreley (Mendelssohn), &c. &c. Principal Vocalists: Mlle. Breidenstein, Miss Hope Glenn; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Bentley. Principal Violin: Mr. J. T. Carrodus. Subscription for the Three Concerts, £1 15s. 6d., £1 1s., and 15s. Single Tickets—Stalls, 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s., and 2s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (10th Season), ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY, March 1st, at half-past 3 o'clock precisely. (To conclude at a quarter-past Five). Vocalist: Miss Orridge. Stalls, Five Shillings; Balcony, Three Shillings; Admission, One Shilling.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings and 26, Old Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. —THE TURQUOISE RING, by G. W. Godfrey, Music by Lionel Benson. A New Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and New Second Part, ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM, and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily to 6. One Shilling.

OLD BOND STREET GALLERIES.—Messrs. THOS. AGNEW and SON'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS by Living and Deceased Masters, now OPEN from 10 to 5 daily. Admission, including Catalogues, 1s.—39, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY OLD MASTERS and by DECEASED MASTERS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL, including a Collection of Drawings by John Flaxman, R.A., is NOW OPEN. Daily from Nine till Seven, one Shilling. Catalogues Sixpence, or bound in cloth, with Pencil, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings. N.B. The Exhibition is lighted at dusk.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY LIVING ARTISTS, now OPEN daily, 10 to 6. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.15 a.m., and from Brighton on Sundays at 8.30 p.m. EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train. (By Order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.



CHARACTER SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

FORTUNATE visitors to the House of Commons during the protracted debates upon Irish affairs who, favoured with a Speaker's order, have penetrated the sacred limits of the Lobby, while patiently awaiting there for a vacancy in the ever-full Galleries, must have noticed as conspicuous amongst the throng of members certain gentlemen who appear engrossed in some deep mystery; they come and go, and go and come, hold whispered converse with each other, watch vigilantly, and appear to know all new comers. With some they exchange significant glances, to others they give certain slips of paper; and the uninitiated spectator wonders what's in the wind. The explanation is, these are "Whips." And one recognises some at least of the arduous duties of the marshals of parties, who appear, by the way, always marvellously amiable. Lord Richard Grosvenor, who presides over the herding of the Ministerial flocks, may be seen in our illustration in company with his gallant "rival," Major Nolan, who whips the truculent train from across the water. The "unrivalled Whips" depicted are Mr. C. C. Cotes and Sir Arthur Hayer. A figure, conspicuous by a wide felt hat, is that of Mr. Cowen, who is much appreciated by the Irish party, whilst next him we see the Hon. C. R. Spencer, who is most constant in his attendance. Among the visitors may be noticed the privileged Westminster scholars, who are of the limited few entitled to the Gallery of the House; and a frequent companion of certain Irish members is Mr. Boucicault, the well-known author of Hibernian drama, who is, perhaps, studying a new plot.

Some of those who at last obtained a seat in the *sanctum sanctorum*, and among them the other night was Mr. J. L. Toole, who doubtless appreciates the entry to the "Hupper Suckles," must have been much moved by the speeches of the Rev. Isaac Nelson and Sir Patrick O'Brien, Bart., descendants of the planters of King James; by the pleading, though it aroused the virtuous indignation of his colleagues, for Parliamentary protection by the Right Hon. E. D. Gray, who in our sketch is arguing a "Question of Privilege;" by the rhetorical powers of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, who hailed a certain Roman Emperor long since departed; by the affection for the division lobby of Mr. Mitchell Henry, who, hat in hand, is depicted in the right hand corner of our engraving, and by the extinction of certain others.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL

THE BOERS' METHOD OF FIGHTING

Is that adopted by all inhabitants of a mountainous country, but it must be confessed, after the sad experience of the last few weeks, that they are past-masters in the art of skirmishing. Trained from the earliest age to hunt the *bess-bok* and the antelope, they are faultless marksmen, and, in addition, are armed with good rifles. Moreover, as they are the great horsebreeders of Southern Africa, they own a large number of horses, and, being admirable riders, can advance or retreat with the utmost celerity, and pass from one district to another with great speed. When in action also they are true disciples of the German school, and are careful to avail themselves of any species of cover which may be at hand. Thus when our troops attacked Laing's Nek the Boers quietly remained behind the boulders at the summit of the pass, and literally "potted" our unfortunate men as they came up, showing great judgment in selecting the officers for the principal victims, as nothing discourages a soldier more than to see his officers falling round him.

BRITISH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH

ILLUSTRATES the manner in which our troops are advancing. The country which they have had to traverse from Pietermaritzburg is far from favourable for rapid marching, the country being hilly, intersected with rivers, and the roads being capable of improvement, to say the least of them. Nevertheless, Sir Evelyn Wood, who is a veteran in South African tactics, has made a very rapid advance, owing to his method of "doing as the Romans do," and adopting the Boer plan of suiting his marches to the oxen, and not to the men. By taking alternate marches and halts of four hours at a stretch, the advance was not delayed by the failing of the draft animals, and although the men were somewhat tired out by this to them novel mode of procedure, Sir Evelyn Wood achieved his object, and attained and fairly passed the dreaded Biggarsberg Range before the Boers were ready to receive him.

THE BIGGARSBERG RANGE

THIS range of mountains, where the Boers were expected to oppose the advance of Sir Evelyn Wood's column in the same manner in which they repulsed the attack of Sir George Colley at Laing's Nek, is situated between Ladysmith and Newcastle in the upper part of Natal, and stretches from the Drakensberg to within a few miles of the Buffalo River. The road which crosses it, we learn from a contemporary, at an elevation of 4,200 feet, runs through a narrow defile, where our troops would have found it somewhat difficult to force a passage, the ground being extremely broken, and affording abundant cover for riflemen. We are indebted for one of our sketches (the view from the south) to the Rev. W. Fleming, who visited the spot some years ago, and gives an interesting account of the difficulties he and his party encountered while crossing the mountain, the roads being bad, and constantly intersected by awkward spruets (brooks), through which it was difficult for the oxen to draw the waggons. He also tells us that the Biggarsberg derived its name from a wagon belonging to a certain Mr. Biggar having been upset in the mountains, its owner being subsequently killed by some of the natives. Mr. Fleming also writes:—"My sketch is from the south. The road between the ploughed land and the Boer's house is the one arriving from Natal, and wound up the west of the mountain as we crossed it. The mountain shows comparatively little on the north or Transvaal side, for after getting over the shoulder we came on high open country." The illustration of a ford across the Tugela is from a photograph by Mr. Lloyds, Natal, and shows the method of ferrying a river in Natal. The Tugela is situated to the south of the Biggarsberg, and is one of the chief rivers of Natal.

NEWCASTLE

THIS little town, which is now the centre of so much interest as being practically the head quarters of the British troops acting against the Transvaal, has hitherto been of very small importance, though as it is to all intents and purposes the frontier town, a garrison has been usually maintained there. It is situated about ninety miles from Pietermaritzburg, and about halfway between that town and the capital of the Transvaal, Pretoria. The town is a mere irregular collection of streets and houses, and its chief edifices are the English Church, the Dutch meeting-house, and the inevitable fort. As Newcastle is a refreshing halting place for those journeying to or from the Transvaal, there are plenty of stores, while a contemporary tells us that it can boast of a hotel, with beds; a billiard room, several bars, a *table d'hôte*, and a "restaurant," where sand and flies are not the recognised seasoning to every dish.

CAPTAIN R. H. LAMBART,

Of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, in his official report to Sir G. P. Colley, tells how he was taken prisoner by a party of Boers while on his way back from the Orange Free State, whither he had been to purchase horses for the troops, and how the Boer Republican Government gave him and Captain Elliot the choice of remaining prisoners during hostilities, or being liberated on their *parole d'honneur* to leave the Transvaal at once, and not bear arms against the Boers during the war. Having accepted the latter alternative, they were sent away from Heidelberg with an escort of two armed Boers, who failing to induce them to cross the Vaal, where the river was impassable, suddenly disappeared. Captains Lambart and Elliot then wandered about for three days, not knowing where they were, when they were stopped by two armed Boers, who showed them an official letter from the Government Secretary, which expressed surprise that they had broken their *parole* and refused to leave the Transvaal; and stated that they must either cross at once by the nearest drift, or return as prisoners of war. This last they were willing to do, but the next day they were taken to the river by the Boers, whose numbers were increased on the way from two to eight. When they arrived it was pitch-dark, with vivid flashes of lightning and the river roaring violently past. Captain Lambart suggested that they should wait until morning, but the Boers insisted on their going at once. They therefore drove into the raging stream, and had hardly done so when the cart was upset, and Captain Lambart called out to the commandant on the bank, asking for assistance, or permission to return. The reply was, "If you do we will shoot you." Then ensued a brief conversation between himself and Captain Elliot, the result being that they decided to swim across, but before they could start a volley of bullets whistled around them, and poor Elliot crying out "Oh!" fell headlong into the river, and was never seen again. Captain Lambart then plunged into the stream, and struck out for the Free State shore, where he managed to scramble through the deep mud, climb the bank, and run for some 200 yards, being the whole of the time under a heavy fire from the Boers on the opposite bank. In a fearful storm of hail, rain, and wind he walked on all that night and until noon next day without rest or food, all the Dutch farmers refusing to give him even a cup of water, but at last he reached the house of an Englishman, named Groom, who entertained him hospitably, and drove him to Heilbron, whence he went by post-cart to Maritzburg.

OFFICERS KILLED IN THE CAMPAIGN

CAPTAIN JOHN MITCHELL ELLIOT, 94th Regiment, was the youngest surviving son of the late William Elliot, Esq., Madras Civil Service, and nephew of the late Sir Henry Miers Elliot, K.C.B. He was born in November, 1843, obtained a commission without purchase from Sandhurst in October, 1863, in the 100th Regiment, and was transferred to the 94th Regiment at his own request, he having two cousins serving in the latter corps. He served with the 94th Regiment in India from March, 1865, to February, 1868, and in August, 1869, obtained a first-class certificate at Hythe, and was appointed Instructor of Musketry to the 94th Regiment, which office he held until promoted to the rank of captain in February, 1877. In the following year he was appointed Paymaster 94th Regiment, and served with the regiment throughout the Zulu War. He was taken prisoner by the Boers in the action near Middleburg on December 20th, and after receiving a promise of liberation on parole, was shot dead by a Boer escort while trying to swim across the Vaal River in company with Captain Lambart, whose description of the outrage we have summarised above.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSARY-GENERAL ERNEST TILSON SHAEN CARTER was the sixth son of the late Thomas Shaen Carter, of Watlington Park, Oxfordshire, and Erris, County Mayo, Ireland. He was born in 1855, educated at Magdalen College School, Oxford, and entered the Commissariat and Transport Department in April, 1874. He proceeded to Natal, June, 1879, in command of a company of the Army Service Corps, and served with it during the Zulu War, and afterwards remaining in the colony in command of No. 7 Company, was in commissariat charge of the column formed by the head quarters 94th Regiment on the 20th December last, when it was attacked by the Boers on its march from Leydenburg to Pretoria, was severely wounded during the attack and carried to Pretoria, where he subsequently died.

MAJOR WILLIAM HENRY HINGESTON, who met with a soldier's death in the disastrous action at Laing's Nek, was the only surviving son of the late John Hingeston, Esq., of Lyme Regis, Dorset. He was born in April, 1838, entered the army as ensign in the 58th Foot in 1855. Before he was twenty-two he obtained his company in the same regiment. He served some years in India, but returned to England without having seen service in the field. In 1873 he obtained the brevet rank of major in the army, and in 1875 was promoted to a majority. The 58th was one of the corps despatched to reinforce Lord Chelmsford after the disaster at Insandlwana, and served with the forces under his command throughout the remainder of the Zulu War. Major Hingeston was present at the Battle of Ulundi, and shortly afterwards the command of his regiment devolved upon him, and he continued to exercise it until he fell, whilst gallantly leading on his men, on the 28th ult. He died of his wounds on the following day.

LIEUTENANT H. A. C. HARRISON, 94th Regiment, who was also killed on the 20th December last in the action with the Boers near Middleburg, was the third son of the late Rev. C. R. Harrison, Vicar of North Curry, Somersetshire. He entered the army in February, 1876, and went out to South Africa with his regiment after the disaster of Insandlwana, and served through the remainder of the Zulu campaign, being present at the battle of Ulundi. He took part in the subsequent operations against Secocoeni. At the time of his death he was Senior Lieutenant and Adjutant of his Regiment.

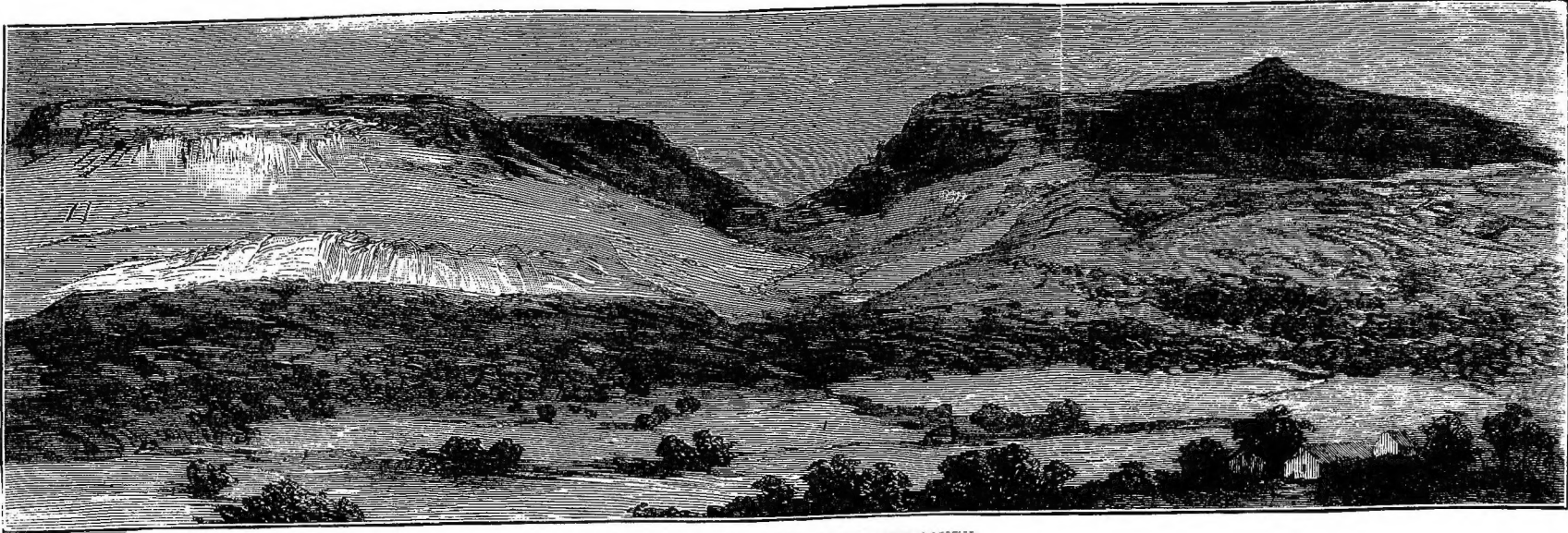
Our portraits are from photographs:—Captain Lambart, by B. Kisch, Durban, Natal; Captain Elliott, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, London, W.; Commissary General Carter, by Jackson and Co., Palmerston Road, Southsea; Major Hingeston, by Jabez Hughes, Ryde, Isle of Wight; and Lieutenant Harrison, by W. Perry, Hythe.

EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

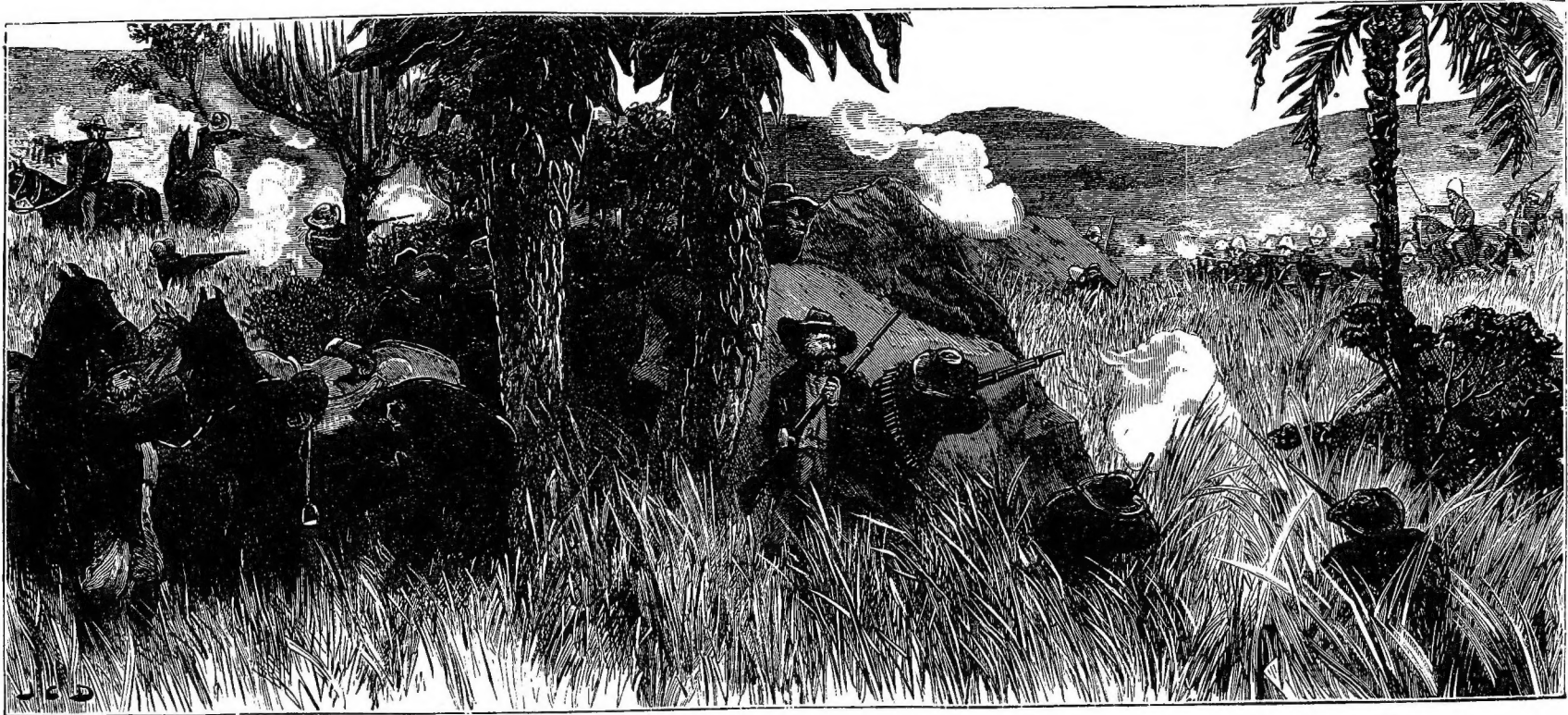
THE opening of the new north wing of this institution, which has been erected at a cost of 35,000*l.*, was last week celebrated by a banquet given by the President, Council, and Professors, to a large and distinguished company of literary, scientific, and artistic gentlemen. The feast was spread in the Library, the Earl of Kimberley, the President, took the chair, and amongst the speakers were Viscount Sherbrooke, Professors Tyndall, Max Müller, Roscoe, H. Smith, H. Morley, Sir J. Lubbock, Sir F. Leighton, and the chairman, who explained that the course of study at the University embraces not only Classical Literature, but Science and Art, special attention being given to the cultivation of the practical branches, such as Engineering. He confessed that he was himself sometimes almost frightened by the encyclopedic character of the programme, but its justification lay in the fact that in these days every country which would maintain a leading position must exert itself to give a scientific education to its people. Sir F. Leighton expressed his gratification at the prominent place assigned to Art in the scheme of instruction, and referred to the Flaxman drawings belonging to the College as a priceless collection, which he never viewed without experiencing what he called a bracing effect.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

A NEW STORY by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 201.



THE BIGGARSBERG RANGE, FROM THE SOUTH

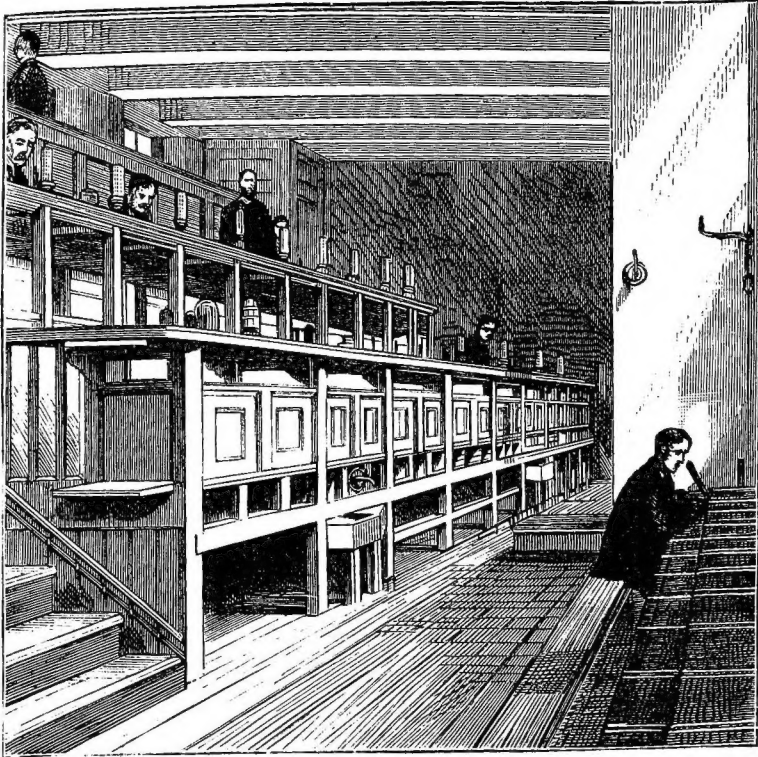


THE BOER METHOD OF FIGHTING

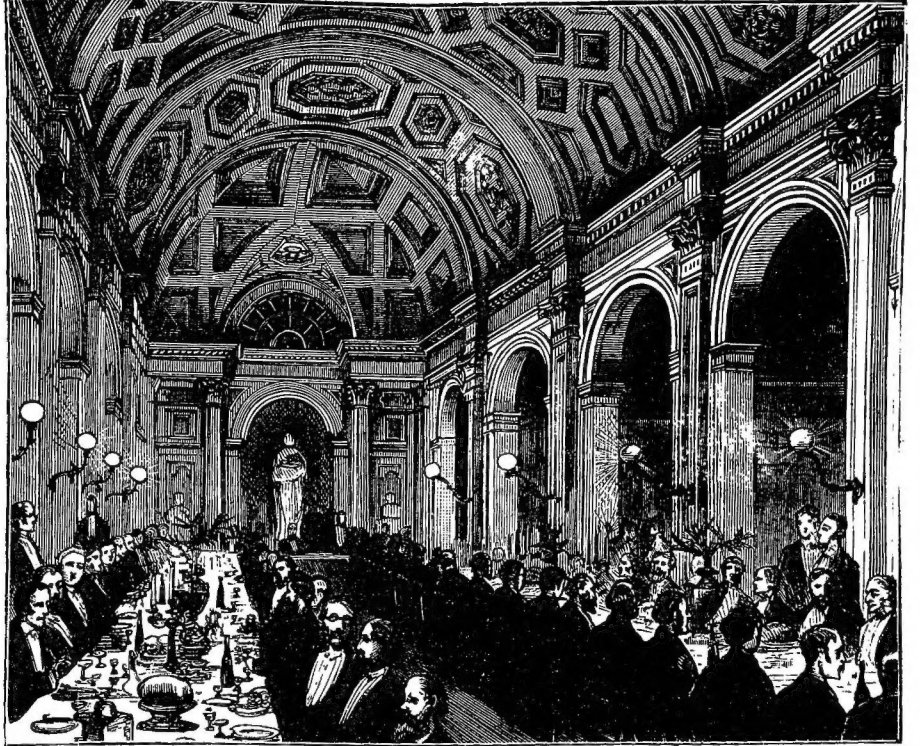


BRITISH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH

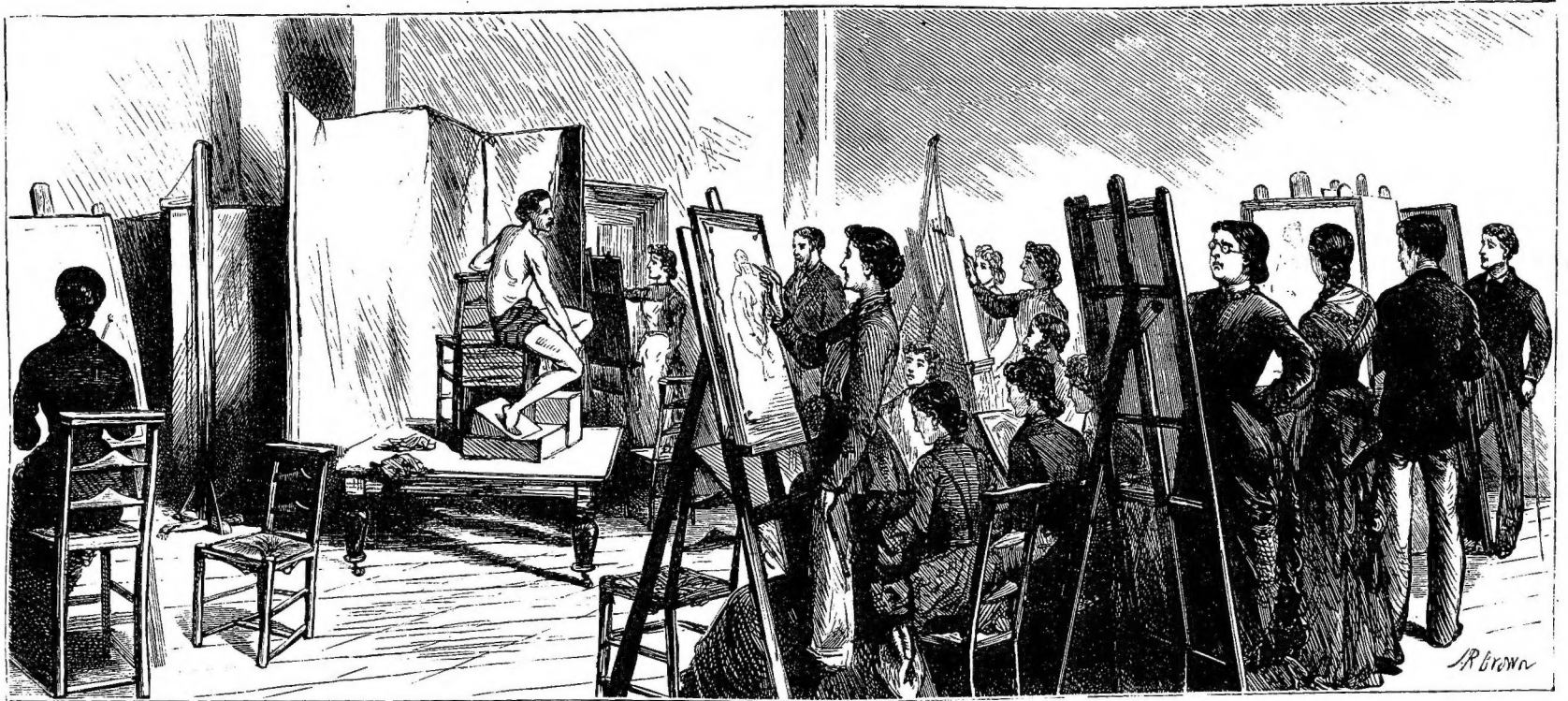
THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL



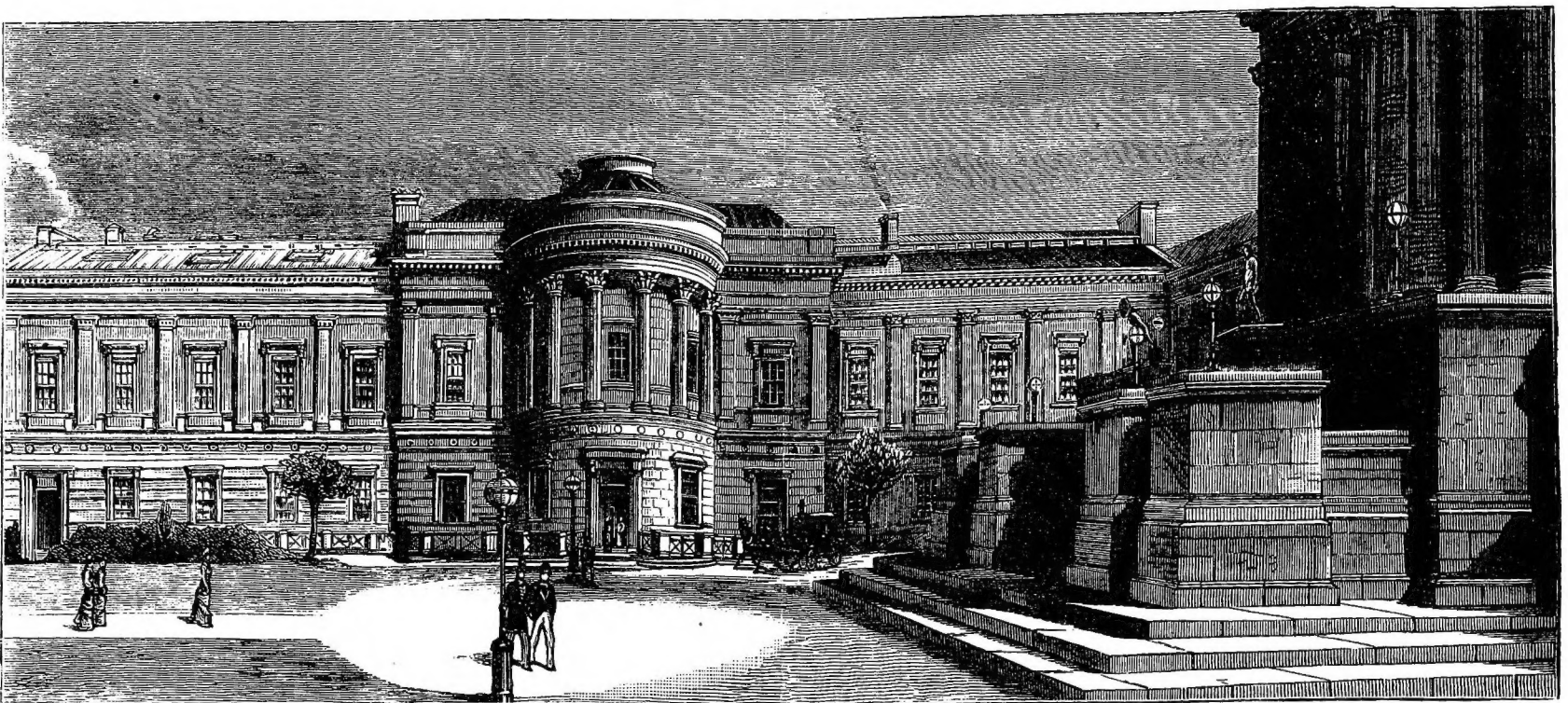
THE MICROSCOPICAL ROOM



THE BANQUET IN THE LIBRARY



THE LIFE CLASS IN THE "SLADE" ROOM



VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS

OPENING OF THE NEW WING OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

TORPEDO PRACTICE ON BOARD H.M.S. "MONARCH"

OUR illustrations represent the torpedo practice now adopted in the Navy for offensive and defensive warfare.

Our first sketch depicts the *Monarch* steaming at a moderate speed, with her lowered booms immersed several feet below the surface of the water, with torpedoes at the extremities, charged with gun-cotton, and fired by electricity as soon as the enemy (an imaginary one) should come in contact. On the occasion of the sketch both sides were exploded at once, throwing up a column of water about two hundred feet.

The second sketch represents the manner in which boats or ships may defend themselves against attack from torpedo boats. The men are trained to throw these explosives as far as they are able. The missiles are connected by a line, containing an instantaneous fuse, to a small pistol, which is held in the man's hand. The charge is fired in the same way as that weapon, whereupon the gun-cotton explodes immediately. The missiles represented are being discharged in the water from the upper deck, and in exploding throw up a column of water about twelve feet.

The third sketch shows a Whitehead torpedo which has been fired from the *Monarch* at the cutter at a distance of 400 yards, but not with the intention of doing her damage, as the watch boats generally manage to escape. On this occasion, however, the aim was very good, consequently the cutter came to grief. Fortunately the crew escaped with only a ducking, as the boat filled in a few minutes, and was towed on board.

"WAITING TO SEE THE DOCTOR"

MOST people know that the world-famous Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich was a few years ago shifted from its old quarters in the *Dreadnought* hulk, moored in the river, to a building on land lent by the Government, which afforded increased space and facilities for the reception and treatment of sick sailors of all nations. A further extension of the beneficent work undertaken by this institution has recently been made by the establishment of a Branch Dispensary, at Well Street, London Docks, E., in the very centre of the neighbourhood most frequented by sailors when temporarily unemployed. The distance of the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich from the Docks induced many, who would otherwise have become out-patients, to resort to unqualified practitioners, at the risk of health and the certain waste of money, in order to save the time and expense which such a journey would have involved. It was the knowledge of this fact that led to the establishment of the Seamen's Hospital Dispensary, where medical advice and medicine can be obtained without any charge by seamen of all nations, without regard to race, creed, or colour, the only condition being that each man shall produce evidence of his having been actively employed at sea within three months of his first application for relief.

Mr. G. H. Makins, F.R.C.S., an experienced surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, is the dispensing surgeon in charge. The Dispensary is open every day at 9 A.M., except Saturday, and every effort is made to secure the greatest efficiency in the management, patients who require hospital treatment being at once drafted to the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich.

Our artist has sketched with great fidelity the various types of feature and costume which are so characteristic of the different nationalities. There is no more universal charity in the whole world than the Seamen's Hospital, and as patients come from the uttermost ends of the earth, the management are fully justified in soliciting pecuniary aid from the charitably disposed in all parts of the civilised globe.

LIFE IN MANITOBA

THESE sketches illustrate life in Manitoba and the surrounding district. "Off to Garry" represents the journey to Fort Garry, a place situated about forty miles from Whitewold. This depicts the manner in which outlying settlers used to go there for provisions and stores. The small sketches are descriptive of home life in a farm at Whitewold. The pictures of dogs and men illustrate a journey made to Grand Rapids, Saskatchewan River, by quarantine officials, to see that no furs come in or are shipped off which are suspected to hail from an infected district where small-pox is supposed to exist. The other sketches have been taken between Winnipeg and Grand Rapids, Saskatchewan River, Kewatin.

COMBERMERE ABBEY

COMBERMERE ABBEY, where the Empress of Austria has taken up her residence during her visit to England for the hunting season, is situated in one of the best hunting districts in Cheshire, being within the reach of no fewer than four packs of hounds. The Abbey has been most comfortably fitted up for the convenience of the Empress and her suite, which is composed of some eighty persons. The library, where, over the old oak chimney-piece, are pictures of Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn, is to be turned into a chapel, while the bedroom in which William III. slept on his way to fight the battle of the Boyne, has been allotted as a bedroom to Prince Lichtenberg. The Abbey itself is a place of no small historic interest, the foundation charter dating as far back as 1133, when it was "built by Hugh Malbone, one of the brothers of Nampwich," and was first inhabited by members of a Benedictine Order. The monastery flourished for several centuries until the time of good King Hal, who, on his abolition of the monastic orders, granted the Abbey by deed of endowment to Sir George Cotton. The mansion, we learn from the Memoirs of the late Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere, the lineal descendant of the Cotton family, written by his widow, is the *beau idéal* of an English nobleman's seat. It is surrounded by a park of 1,000 acres, and is most picturesquely situated on the banks of the well-known mere or lake, which winds almost like a natural river. The mansion may be said to be in the Pointed Gothic style, but many of the original walls and the cloisters of the old building still remain.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS AT QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND

SEAPORTS, as distinguished from inland towns, are all remarkable for the mixed character of the people to be met with in the streets, especially in those contiguous to the harbour, docks, or river-side. Queenstown, the port of Dublin, is no exception to the rule, and accordingly our artist gives us a group of seamen of different nationalities, whose varying features and distinctive costumes do much to make the scene picturesque. The average seaman's deficiency in book-learning, and the fact that, in travelling about the world, he enjoys the opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of the various races of mankind, may perhaps be the causes of his cosmopolitanism, or his impartiality or indifference to all political questions. Could we overhear the men represented in our engraving, we should probably find the topic of their conversation to be the incidents of their last voyage and the probabilities as to the next; all of them being serenely oblivious of the burning questions of "Land Reform" and "Coercion," and knowing nothing of the "Three F's," or of "Boycotting," unless, indeed, one of the ships lying off the quay has just been subjected to that process for carrying cattle belonging to some "marked" man.

THE WRECK OF THE "INDIAN CHIEF"

OF the multitude of heartrending scenes which have during the recent storms occurred at different places around our coasts, there is

perhaps none more calculated to move our sympathies for the imperilled crews, and our admiration for the gallant devotion and indomitable perseverance of our noble life-boat men than the wreck of the *Indian Chief*, which took place on the 5th of January, and of which a lengthy and graphic account appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* a few days after. The vessel stranded on the Long Sand at 3 A.M., and the crew took to the rigging, where they remained for thirty hours exposed to the raging elements, and in momentary expectation of death if the masts should give way. After a time one of the masts was broken off, and sixteen unfortunate men who had lashed themselves to it were drowned in sight of their shipmates, who were powerless to render them any aid. Meanwhile, no fewer than four lifeboats had started for the wreck from different places, but though aided by steam-tugs all failed to reach it except the Ramsgate life-boat, *Bradford*, which, with the help of the tug *Vulcan*, and after enormous labour in the violent sea, at last succeeded in rescuing the survivors. It was fitting that these brave men should be awarded the medals and certificates of the National Life Boat Institution, and that these should be presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, himself a sailor. The ceremony took place on the 11th inst. at Ramsgate, on the lawn in front of the Coastguard Station, his Royal Highness telling the recipients that their heroic conduct had awakened the greatest possible interest and pride throughout England, and declaring his conviction that though they would value the awards greatly they would most value the recollection of having saved so many lives. Captain Braine, Harbour Master at Ramsgate, and local secretary of the National Life Boat Institution, returned thanks on behalf of the men. The awards were as follows: the Gold Medal to the coxswain of the life-boat, Silver Medals to each of the crew, and to the master of the tug, the Second Service Clasp to the engineer, and a certificate of thanks to each of the *Vulcan's* crew.—Our engraving of the presentation is from a photograph by F. T. Palmer, Granville Marina Studio, Ramsgate.

THE "LEONE DI CAPRERA"

THIS little vessel was built at Monte Video by an Italian, named Vincente Fondacaro, who, having heard of the adventurous voyages of English and American seamen in small boats across the Atlantic, determined to show that men of other nationalities could construct and sail similar miniature craft with equal success. Having built this vessel—a whaler—he got together a volunteer crew of two, who started with him in the *Lion of Caprera* from Monte Video on October 3rd, 1880. The little craft was only 3 tons burthen, and measured 27 feet of keel, was 7½ feet broad, 3 feet deep in the centre, 5 feet fore and aft. She was well fitted with air piping, and her captain ascribes her safety on several stormy occasions to having lessened the wave action by throwing large quantities of oil on the water—a practice he recommends to all life-boats. The boat and her little crew had a very rough time of it, the weather being unsettled, and frequently very stormy. Once they were nearly capsized, the masts being flat on the sea; but the peculiar arch of the boat and the air in her caused her to right herself. The somewhat scanty meals were cooked over a spirit lamp, and both captain and crew slept as best they could in very narrow quarters; the former spending his time in studying his map, keeping his log, and reading Victor Hugo's "Misérables" and grammars of various languages. At last, on January 9th, 1881, the *Lion of Caprera* reached the Canary Islands, where they procured fresh provisions. After four days' rest they left again and went on to Gibraltar, where they arrived on the 23rd of last month. There our illustration, which is from a sketch by Surgeon Lewis Irving, of the Army Medical Department, represents the *Leone di Caprera* lying by the water port gate, with crowds of spectators gazing idly at her. From Gibraltar the little vessel was to go on to Naples, the captain's home.



IRELAND.—Mr. Parnell, after paying a flying visit to Clara, in King's County, and speaking to his admirers at the various railway stations en route, as well as at the place of meeting, returned to town and to his place in Parliament early in the week, but on Wednesday was off again to Paris, on what mission it would be difficult to say. Before going, however, he published a letter, retracting so much of his advice to the peasantry as related to the ploughing up of land from which they were about to be evicted, a proceeding which he has since discovered would subject them to the criminal law. His fraternisation with MM. Rochefort and Clémenceau has, it seems, given great offence to Irish Roman Catholics, as is evidenced by the Archbishop of Dublin's pastoral, which is to be read in all the churches of the diocese to-morrow. Dr. McCabe says that "a calamity more terrible and humiliating than any that has yet befallen Ireland seems to threaten our people to-day. Allies for our country in her struggle for justice are sought from the ranks of impious infidels, who have plunged their own unhappy land into misery, and who are sworn to destroy the foundation of all religions. Will Catholic Ireland tolerate such an indignity? will she give her confidence to men who have wickedly planned it? will she break from all the holy traditions which during ages commanded for her the veneration of the Christian world? Let us pray that God, in His mercy, may forbid it."—Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., in a published letter to Mr. Bellingham, says that he feels with him that an alliance and association with French Communism or European rebellion would be an outrage on the most cherished sentiments and principles of the Irish people, who, he is sure, would recoil in horror from it. On the other hand, The O'Donoghue (also in a letter to *The Times*) deprecates Mr. Bellingham's letter as an attempt to raise the Catholic question. He declares that "democracy ought to, and must, govern the world, and regards it as puerile, mischievous, and suggestive of an aggressive and morbid sort of piety, for persons to keep hallooing, 'I can't do this because I am a Catholic, and I can't do that because I am a Catholic,' when what they say they can't do may be done without any violation whatever of Catholic precept or doctrine."—The first meeting of the London branch of the Ladies' Land League was held on Monday, Mrs. A. M. Sullivan presiding, and a great number of meetings are announced for to-morrow (Sunday) in Ireland, at which the Land League M.P.'s are each to be present at that held in his own county. The demonstration at Cork, however, has been postponed in consequence of Mr. Parnell not being able to attend.

THE TRANSVAAL.—More reinforcements started from Blackwall on Saturday and Tuesday, but there is some hope that the need for their services may have passed away before their arrival in Natal. A hot controversy is being carried on in the daily press about the alleged slavery in the Transvaal, and with regard to the justice and policy of continuing the war, respecting which a number of declarations *pro* and *con* have also been made at various public meetings. Sir M. Hicks Beach, speaking at Stroud on Wednesday, said that he doubted the political honesty of men who said nothing against the annexation of the Transvaal when it was announced, but now declared that they were always opposed to it. The Premier was, he regretted to say, among the first and foremost of these.

THE RETENTION OF CANDAHAR was the subject of a lecture given by Colonel Malleon, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday last, under the auspices of the Constitutional Union. The lecturer, after

giving a great deal of historical and geographical information, combatted the reasons which had been assigned as those which induced the Government to decide upon retiring from Candahar; and the meeting passed a resolution in favour of the motion which Lord Lytton is to make in the House of Lords on the subject.

OTHER POLITICAL ITEMS.—At a meeting of the Finsbury Conservative Association, on Tuesday, Lord Donoughmore, who presided, said that never before had a Government with so short a tenure of office presented so many vulnerable points in its armour; and that the reason the Conservatives had not taken advantage of them was that they recognised the gravity of the situation, and set aside party for the sake of patriotism.—The Liberal Three Hundred of Bradford, the Liberal Association of the City of London, and the Liberal Four Hundred of Bristol have all this week passed resolutions, declaring their unabated confidence in the present Government.—Two large meetings of women were on Tuesday held at Birmingham in favour of Women's Suffrage. A memorial was agreed to, setting forth the claims of the 500,000 female rate-payers to the suffrage.

REGIMENTAL TARTANS.—The petition adopted at the Stafford House meeting last week was presented to the War Secretary on Wednesday by a deputation headed by the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Childers in reply said he had never intended to abolish distinctive tartans, but if larger regiments were to be substituted for united battalions some changes would become necessary. He hoped next week when moving the Army Estimates to be able to suggest a complete solution of the difficulty.

EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING.—A public meeting in support of the London Society for the promotion of this educational movement was held at the Mansion House on Wednesday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Sir Stafford Northcote, Lords Aberdare and Reay, and the Bishop of Peterborough were amongst the speakers, and an appeal was made for funds. The office of the Society is at 22, Albemarle Street, W.

THE WINTER has not yet left us. Last week there was a spell of milder temperature; but on Sunday the snow returned again, and from then until Thursday morning frost, snow, fog, and rain made outdoor existence as uncomfortable as it can well be. Another storm is predicted from America. The snowfall has been very general all over the country, while at sea the weather has been very boisterous, and numerous wrecks are reported. On Thursday afternoon London was cheered by a glimpse of sunshine. On Friday last week, during a thick fog, the mailboat *Caledonia*, from Southampton, struck on the Oyster Rock outside St. Helier's Harbour, Jersey, and foundered almost immediately. The crew, passengers and mails were saved, and an effort is being made to raise the vessel.

THE WOOLWICH CADETS.—On Tuesday the Duke of Cambridge presented commissions and prizes at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, to those gentlemen cadets who had been successful in the recent examinations, but in consequence of several acts of insubordination the usual sword for exemplary conduct was withheld. His Royal Highness expressed his extreme displeasure at the conduct of the cadets during the last term, which he feared was due to the bad example set by the corporals. What they probably regarded as a good joke was in truth a serious affair, fraught with danger to the service and to themselves, for it might ruin their prospects in life and sacrifice their commissions. Not only their conduct but their education was the subject of unfavourable reports, for the work was slovenly and careless. A very bad tone had thus been introduced into the Academy, which he hoped the cadets who were remaining would strive to amend.

THE LONDON SWIMMING CLUB.—The prizes won by the successful members of this club were distributed at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, by the Duke of Edinburgh, who spoke of the invaluable character of the art of swimming as a means of saving life, and complimented the Club Committee on the success of the efforts to promote a practical knowledge of it.

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths recorded this week are those of Lord William Pitt Lennox, who was the author of numerous works of fiction, and a voluminous contributor on sporting subjects to various periodicals; and Mr. William Ellis, who will be remembered as the founder of the first Birkbeck Schools, and the writer of a number of text-books on Social Science and Social Economy.



THE HOUSE of Commons met on Monday with the certainty that it was about to hold its last sitting in Committee on the Protection Bill. Already this measure had occupied seven prolonged sittings, which for a bill of three clauses, with respect to which the House of Commons was rarely unanimous, seemed a not inadequate measure of time. There had been many pleasing prognostications of earlier conclusions of the labours of Committee. In the first glow of the triumph of Order against Obstruction it had been confidently predicted that two nights' debate would see the Bill through. But in the House of Commons there is a curiously regular relapse which takes place immediately after an exceptional exercise of power. It is only under the greatest provocation, long continued, that the Speaker is to be induced to put in action the disciplinary powers with which he is endowed. When this is done Obstruction, heretofore blatant and blustering, bows its head with sudden and complete compliance. For the remainder of the sitting in which this unwonted exhibition of firmness has been made, all goes well. Other members besides Irish have an opportunity of taking part in debate on Imperial concerns, and business progresses at a rate which, compared with that ordinarily established, seems miraculous. At the following sitting the authorities of the House, as if alarmed at their own temerity, withdraw from the position taken up, and, *pari passu*, Obstruction again advances until it assumes its old position of predominance.

Thus it had been throughout the week following on the enactment of the Speaker's Rules. As far as the application of these regulations to personal offences against order was concerned, they had remained in abeyance. The Parnellites increased in audacity as they measured their strength with that of the Chairman of Committees, and night succeeded night with little progress made. Towards the end of the week, in the customary see-saw motion of Authority and Obstruction, Authority had asserted itself, and the Speaker had laid on the table additional Rules for the conduct of affairs in Committee even more drastic than the earlier attempt. According to these it was in the power of the Prime Minister to move that at a particular hour of any day the Committee should come to a sudden close, any amendment remaining on the paper suffering annihilation.

As usual this show of authority was followed by a calm on the Irish benches, and once more the Bill began to move forward in Committee. But presently it became clear that the Rule in its original form was not palatable to the Opposition. A split in the combined majority appeared probable. Obstruction, whose agility in getting out of the way of danger is equalled only by its readiness to avail itself of safe openings for attacking, began to rear its head, and Friday night in last week was distinguished among a long series of sittings by a wilful waste of time.

On Monday it was felt that a crisis had come. The Speaker had amended his Rule in a way to make it acceptable not only to the

Opposition but to many Liberal members below the gangway, who had thought it too stringent in its original form. It was now proposed that whilst debate should come to a close at a particular hour, any amendments on the paper should be put to the vote. This, whilst being in closer accord with the spirit of Parliamentary procedure, secured some advantage to the Obstructionists, inasmuch as they might pleasantly while away an hour or two after midnight by putting the House to the inconvenience of divisions wherever division was practicable. But it marked a distinct limit to their success, and whilst the sitting might be late it would certainly be final as far as the current stage of the Bill was concerned.

The House was very crowded when Mr. Gladstone rose to move the Resolution of which he had given notice—to wit, that at twelve o'clock debate should cease, and the Chairman should forthwith proceed to put to the vote any amendments that might remain on the paper. This resolution, whilst itself a novelty, was dealt with upon new and decidedly wholesome principles. According to the ordinary procedure it would have been possible for the resolution to be debated, and it requires no heated imagination to picture the proximity of the Irish members on such a theme. But according to the new Rules the Resolution was divided on without debate, and in half an hour all was over. The Opposition, with a dozen eccentric exceptions, voted to a man with the Ministry, and the Irish members saw fading before their eyes the pleasing prospect of a division that would have given the battle to their hands.

After this there was really nothing to do but to wait for twelve o'clock. The opportunity for conversation was considerably curtailed by the action of the Chairman, who, waking up under the influence of the great majority, had ruled out of order a large proportion of the impossible amendments that encumbered the paper. The Irish members had counted upon these (more particularly one standing in the name of Mr. Labouchere, their steadfast ally in recent proceedings) to enable them to occupy the evening. These being gone, they were a little flustered, and at one time it seemed probable that the proceedings would die of exhaustion before twelve o'clock came to give them a filip. By indomitable energy and total imperturbability against the charge of saying over again much that had been said before, the time wore on till midnight, at the last stroke of which hour Mr. O'Donnell was peremptorily snuffed out by the Chairman. So close had the race been run that only one amendment remained for settlement. On this of course a division was challenged, as also on the last question in Committee, that the Chairman report the Bill to the House. On this the Committee, dividing, showed 47 against the Bill and 377 in its favour. The Irish members snatched another division out of the purely formal proposition that "the Chairman leave the chair," and even another on the proposal to fix the day for Report. But victory rested on the side of Order.

On Tuesday members came down to the House cheered by the recollection of this triumph, and expectant that its consequences would be secured to them. But the already old story was repeated. At the outset matters went on smoothly, the Parnellites still feeling the effects of their morning's lesson. But as little excesses committed by the more audacious members drew down no consequences they ventured further, at first slowly, then rapidly all along the line, till at midnight Obstruction was once more dominant. It is no secret that before the dinner hour it was taken for granted on the Ministerial side, and acquiesced in by the Irish members, that Report would be agreed to by half-past eight. But before half-past eight it was discovered that the old game might be safely played, and at half-past one the debate was adjourned, the Parnellites, pleased with their astonishing and unexpected success, talking hopefully of the possibility of carrying the debate over Wednesday, and so throwing into next week the final stages of the Bill.

The first part of this expectation was realised, and the debate was carried over Wednesday. But here the brake was put on, Mr. Gladstone, when the House met on Thursday, moving that if the division were not concluded by seven o'clock the amendments remaining on the paper should be put forthwith, by which means an opening was made for the third reading of the Bill.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE DEBATE IN THE UPPER HOUSE.—On Tuesday Lord Dunraven, made an eloquent speech in the House of Lords in support of his resolution in favour of a general opening of the public galleries and museums on Sundays. He contended that the mode of observing the Sunday which prevailed in this country was one originated by the Puritans, and not by the Roman Catholic Church or the first Reformers; contrasted the way in which Sunday was spent by the working people of other countries as compared with that in which it is spent in ours; and said that, as a rule, the poorer classes in the United Kingdom were driven to public houses on that day by reason of their not having comfortable homes, and because places of innocent recreation and instruction, such as the museums and picture galleries, were closed. The national institutions were supported by the national funds, to which the working classes contributed, yet they were at present debarred from exercising their undoubted right to visit them; for the suggestion that they might do so on Saturday afternoons was in most cases impracticable, even for those who only worked half time on that day. He did not ask that public-houses should be closed on Sunday, but only that the people should have the chance of choosing between them and the public museums and picture galleries. In many Protestant countries in Europe, as well as at many places in England, the experiment had been tried with good results, and he claimed for the scheme that it would do a great deal of good, while it could not possibly do any man harm. He desired to point out to their lordships that the measure he proposed was permissive. It did not call upon men to do anything contrary to their consciences; the only desire was that they might be able to order their lives as might seem good unto themselves, and develop their moral and physical character in the manner best suited to their nature. There was no danger of setting up a working Sunday in England, or of any demand following the opening of museums and galleries for the opening of places of a very different character. The buildings would not be open during the hours of Divine worship, but only in the afternoons. In fact, the number of cabmen who were employed to drive ministers of religion to and from church on Sunday would far exceed the number of employees required to keep open the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, or a dozen of them. Lord Dunraven's motion was supported by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Rosebery, Earl Granville, and Lord Thurlow; and opposed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Cairns, and the Duke of Argyll: and on a division was lost by 41 votes to 34.

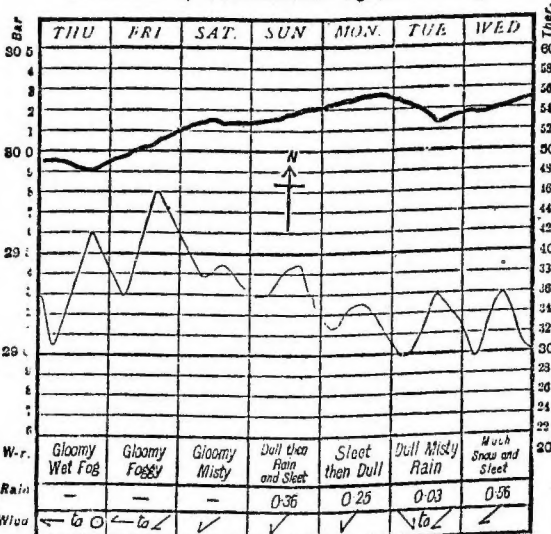
A BURGLARY CHECK FROM CHICAGO.—The burglary business may, it seems, be quoted as "brisk" abroad as well as at home. Such is the state of affairs in Chicago that it has been found necessary to establish in the leading streets a new system of police alarm. The "public alarm houses," as they are called, are wooden watch-boxes along the side-walks, locked, and every householder in the immediate neighbourhood is provided on application with a key. When anything is amiss in the housebreaking or burglary way, the said householder has only to make haste to the watch-box, enter it, and touch a lever, and in less than four minutes there will arrive at that spot "a horse and waggon, with three policemen, a stretcher, blankets, handcuffs, &c., to be used either as an ambulance or a conveyance for prisoners." Of course, if a thing is worth doing at

all it should be done thoroughly; and, though it is hardly likely, except in cases where not only a burglary has been committed but a murderous onslaught been made on an entire family that waggon, handcuffs, blankets, and stretcher would all be required. There is nothing, however, like being prepared for every emergency. Another offer of the ingenious Chicago police is to provide, at a cost of thirty dollars, telephonic communication between the police stations and the private houses of the district, so as that even more rapid assistance may be rendered. These last-mentioned instruments are said to be so small that "they can be set in a wall behind a desk or counter, and a noiseless alarm can be given, so that the operations of the thief will be unpleasantly disturbed by the sudden entrance of the police at all points." There is, however, just one trifling obstacle to the satisfactory working of both clever schemes, and that is the possibility of false or unnecessary alarms. There are such things as timid and nervous householders, and to summon the police, with their stretchers, blankets, and handcuffs, or induce them to come in force to surround a domicile on no greater provocation than, on examination, turns out to be a stray cat in a cupboard, would be likely, on frequent repetition, to tax the patience of the constabulary.

HOT MEALS IN THE STREETS.—The providing food, ready-cooked, for the poor of the metropolis has long been a cherished hobby in philanthropic circles. It is not very long since that it was seriously proposed to carry out the idea on a grand scale—to establish local kitchens in charge of competent cooks, and to send out light vans laden with cheap and nutritious dishes, kept piping hot by means of portable stoves, and which were to perambulate the back streets, and halt at the alleys where the lowest of the lower classes find abiding places, and ply for customers presumably by ring of a bell, after the fashion of the muffin man. Whether foreseen difficulties prevented the launch of the venture, or whether it was tried and failed, one does not remember. Anyhow a recent edition of the proposed great work has just made its appearance in the more modest guise of perambulating hand-carts, of which fifty are promised to be ready in a short time. The experiment has several earls, lords, and marquises for its patrons, and the Lord Mayor of London vouchsafes it his gracious countenance. The other day his lordship inspected an array of ten of these neat little travelling cook-shops from a window of the Mansion House. At present the plan does not aspire to overmuch, the hot meals being almost limited to a sort of Irish stew made of "tinned" meats and soup which is sold at the rate of a penny for three-parts of a pint. The chief aim is to supply labouring men who work at the water-side, the Docks, and other places, and whose earnings do not admit of their seeking their midday meal at an ordinary eating-house. There is novelty in the notion, and the benevolence of its promoters is undeniable, but it remains to be seen whether the labouring classes will take kindly to it, and whether a certain something inherent in the nature of an Englishman, however poor, will not incline him to munch his cold bread and cheese in peace and quiet, rather than partake of cheap stew, however hot, in the open street and in the full gaze of a critical public.

DISEASED PORK.—It is said that at the present time great uneasiness affects the American pork market. The magnitude of the trade in question was forcibly illustrated some few months since, when one of the great factors, by a system of ingenious "rigging," contrived in one year to net something like a million of money. But the pride of the princes of pig-meat is now seriously threatened, and it must be the more humiliating that the enemy is merely a wretched little worm so small as to be invisible to the eye without the aid of a microscope. *Trichina spiralis* is the name of this scourge in pigdom, and in Illinois alone 700,000 unfortunate animals succumbed to it in a single season. The disease the tiny worm induces is a terrible one. It abounds in a dormant state in the muscular parts of the carcase, and unless the meat be very thoroughly cooked it comes to life after the meat is swallowed, and proceeds to bore its way through every obstacle, until it reaches some muscle of the living creature in which it takes up its abode. The seriousness with which the matter is entitled to be regarded may be judged by the fact that the French Government, according to *The Times*, has forbidden the importation of pork from the United States, and that Russia, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Greece have issued a similar prohibition. The natural result of this of course will be a swamping of the markets of those countries which are less fastidious, with a corresponding reduction in the price, so as to induce a larger sale than usual amongst the poorer classes. To cut off the supply of American pork and bacon to our English poor would be a severe blow to them. The importation of the meat in question to Havre alone is estimated at thirty millions of kilogrammes annually, and many times that quantity must reach our shores.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FEBRUARY 17 TO FEBRUARY 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been very quiet, but continuously dull and gloomy, and temperature has been below the average for the time of year. No depression of any size or intensity has made its appearance, and the changes in the barometer have been very slight and gradual, the general tendency being upward. Temperature has fallen pretty steadily throughout the week, and while on Friday (18th inst.) the highest reading registered was only 46°, on Wednesday (23rd inst.) at midday the thermometer stood no higher than 36°. Slight frosts were experienced on Tuesday and Wednesday (22nd and 23rd inst.). The wind was at first easterly, but towards the close of the week it backed to N.E. or N. In force it has been light throughout. The weather was very foggy during the first two or three days, and since Sunday (20th inst.) there has been a good deal of rain and sleet, with heavy mist at times. The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) on Monday (21st inst.); lowest (29.92 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); range, 0.35 inches. Temperature was highest (46°) on Friday (18th inst.); lowest (36°) on Tuesday and Wednesday (22nd and 23rd inst.); range, 10°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 1.20 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.56 inches, on Wednesday (23rd inst.).



SIR RICHARD WALLACE will shortly publish a volume on "Art and Artists."

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY has opened its fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition. Amongst its 1,047 works exhibited, several have already been seen at Burlington House, but there are some capital contributions from young artists, and altogether the whole collection is above the average.

A RARE KIND OF GULL—the *Larus atricilla*—has been shot near Newmarket, where it had probably been driven by the gales along the coast. The bird, however, was not starving when shot, being plump and in beautiful plumage, the feathers of the underparts being rose-tinted from throat to tail.

LETTER-PAPER of a different colour for every day of the week is now adopted in Paris. On Monday, fair correspondents pen their epistles on pale green, on Tuesday pink is the orthodox tint, Wednesday, as an unlucky day, is distinguished by sombre grey, blue is used on Thursday, white on Friday, straw-colour on Saturday, and a delicate mauve on Sunday.

LAUNCESTON CASTLE, one of the oldest castles in England, has suffered considerably from the late severe weather. Part of the massive wall, some twenty feet thick, suddenly gave way last Saturday, and fell into the road, having evidently been loosened by the frost and rains. The castle was held of William the Conqueror by the Earls of Moreton, and now belongs to the Prince of Wales.

LITERATURE IN GERMANY has received a wonderful impetus within the last three years. Since 1877 the increase has reached a little over seven per cent., and last year the 14,941 new works and fresh editions published throughout the Empire exceeded those of 1879 by 762. The largest number of publications were educational works—1,950, politics, law, and statistics followed with 1,557, and theology, *belles lettres*, medicine, natural sciences and history, and biography, respectively stood next in the list.

A MISSING PICTURE BY GEORGE MORLAND, No. 1 of the set illustrating the Progress of Letitia, now hung amongst the Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House, has just been discovered. A reproduction from a print supplied its place, but the present owner of the original, accidentally finding that a picture of "Domestic Happiness," which he bought not long ago from a dealer was the lost No. 1, restored it to its proper position. This picture has been separated from its companions for over thirty years, the cause being unknown.

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MONUMENT over the spot where those who perished in the Black Hole at Calcutta are interred, is to be erected on the site of the former memorial, which was removed by the Marquis of Hastings on the plea that the accompanying inscription fostered race antipathies. At present an ornamental lamp-post stands on the spot, while the site of the Black Hole is covered by part of the verandah on the eastern face of the General Post Office. A memorial slab will inserted into one of the pillars of this verandah.

"HOW TO SAVE SWIMMERS" is the title of a pamphlet written by Mr. Wallace Dunlop, C.B., the object of which is to induce swimmers to avail themselves of the swimming plates invented by him. Mr. Dunlop starts with the assertion that a "great number of persons are drowned because they are swimmers, or would not have lost their lives at the time at least if they had not been able to swim." Persons interested in the subject can see the plates in operation at the Marylebone Baths, London, and at the Kennedy-street Baths, Glasgow.

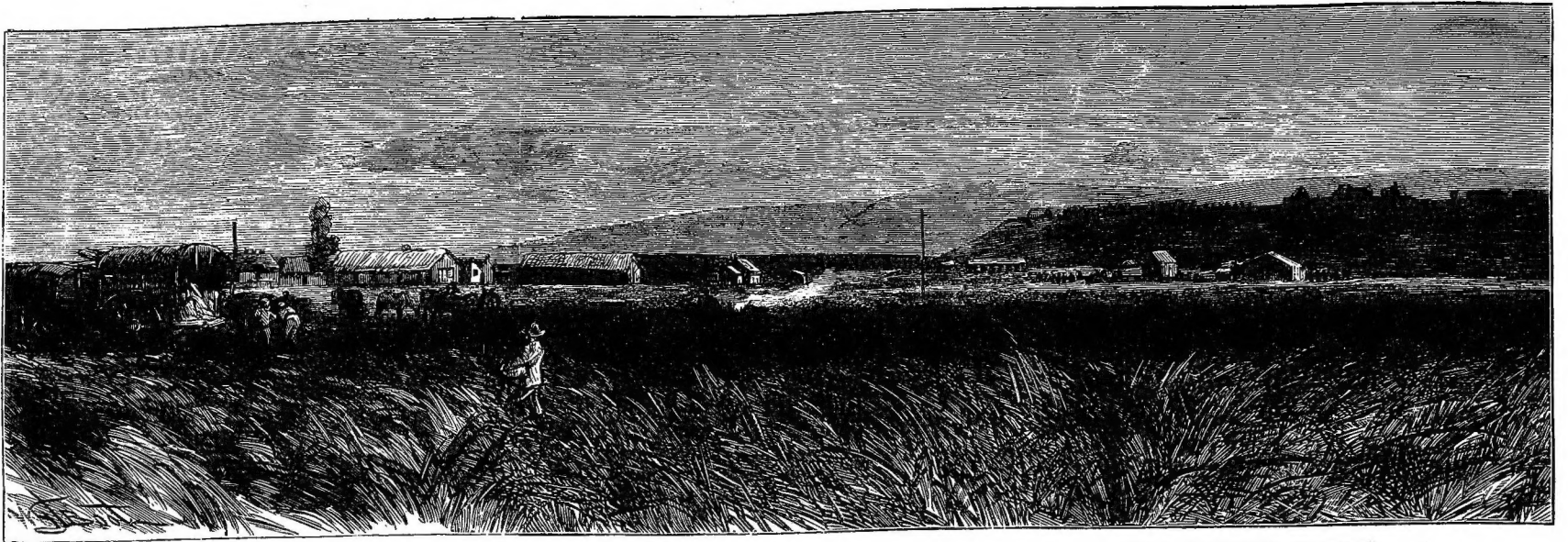
THE FRENCH ARMY is claiming innumerable victims just now, as February is the month of the conscription. Peasants in general greatly dislike military service, and try all kinds of expedients to escape. There are two chief means of producing incapacity and avoiding the conscription. (1) Maladies due to pernicious potions; weakness of constitution resulting from voluntary over-fatigue and starvation; and chopping off the thumb with a hatchet. (2) Black and white magic, spells, talismans, and other inoffensive tricks, which are of course ineffectual.

"FINGER COSIES" is the American name for those scraps of satin and lace which English and Transatlantic ladies alike miscall "muffs." Fashionable frivolities have reached such a pitch in San Francisco that a reaction has set in, according to the *News Letter*, and a band of reformers have inaugurated a new club, "Heel and Toe No. 2," at which the members will spend their evenings in darning stockings, to the accompaniment of harmless gossip. Less sober beings prefer the "masked dinner," which the same journal tells us is already the rage in London and Paris.

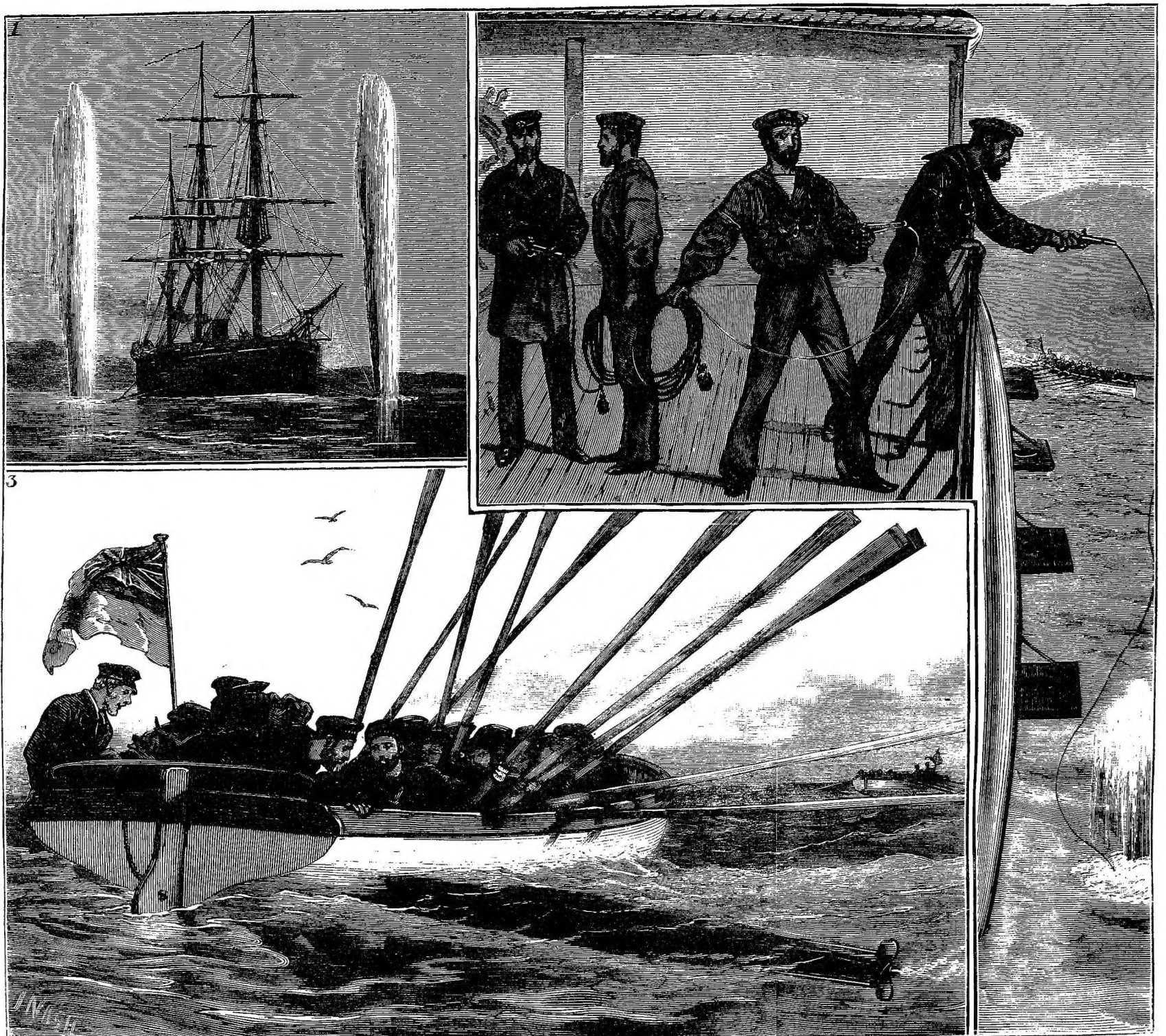
THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH BOERS is little understood by the English in general, even by those who are their near neighbours, at least so says a Cape correspondent of the *Colonies and India*. The Colonial Boer is a very fair specimen of primitive humanity. He is of a peaceful disposition, has a great respect for the law, is pious, hospitable, neighbourly, a faithful husband, an affectionate father, and only moderately anti-English. The English only see that he is not so enterprising as he might be, is content to live in a primitive house, smokes much Cape tobacco, drinks barley coffee, eats sheep-tail fat instead of butter (which he can seldom get), and is believed to be fond of his money, which he is supposed to keep in a leather stocking in his waggon-chest, hidden under his bed.

LONDON MORTALITY again declined last week, and 1,564 deaths were registered against 1,633, a decrease of 69, being 258 below the average, and at the rate of 22.0 per 1,000. These deaths included 55 from small-pox (an increase of 3, the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals having 704 patients at the end of last week, being an increase of 21), 23 from measles (an increase of 3, but 5 below the average), 36 from scarlet fever (an increase of 8, exceeding the average by 3), 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 7), 25 from whooping-cough (an increase of 1), 14 from enteric fever (an increase of 5), and 11 from diarrhoea (an increase of 1). There were 2,841 births registered against 2,819 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 38 deg., and 0.9 below the average.

THE PARIS SALON opens this year on May 2nd, as the 1st falls on a Sunday, and will continue until June 20th. Not more than 2,500 oils and 1,200 water-colours and drawings will be admitted, each artist being allowed to contribute two works to the former and two to the latter section. Some of the alterations too will considerably affect the public at large. Thus, Thursday will no longer be a free day, though, as heretofore, people will be admitted gratis on Sunday, while on the opening day and every Friday the entrance fee will be five francs. As the paintings are to be sent in between March 10th and 20th, Parisian studios are very busy just now. Amongst the contributions of the best-known artists, will be M. Henner's "St. Jérôme," M. Bouguereau's "Aurora's Kiss" and "Sleep of the Virgin and Child," M. Carolus Duran's "Entombment of Christ," "Young Marino Faliero," and a lady's portrait; M. Bonnat will send portraits, and is also going to paint M. Gambetta. There will be two pictures, by MM. Bataille and George Becker, of the late distribution of the Colours, and another military work will be M. de Neuville's "Interrogation of a Courier," the latter artist's portrait being contributed by M. Duez, while two likenesses of M. Rochefort will appear by MM. Manet and Boldini. M. Bassien-Lepage sends a "Beggar."



THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL — NEWCASTLE, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH TROOPS



1. Advancing with Gun-Cotton Charges.—2. Throwing "Hand-charges" of Gun-Cotton.—3. A "Friendly" Torpedo.
WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET — H.M.S. "MONARCH" AT GUN COTTON AND TORPEDO PRACTICE



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

We fell, presently, into a sort of procession.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

HOW NANCY RECKONED UP THE COMPANY

NANCY LEVETT herself, pretty and merry, prattling, rattling Nancy, not grown a bit, and hardly taller than my shoulder. I held her out at arm's length.

"You here, Nancy?"

Then we kissed again.

"And not a bit changed, Nancy!"

"And oh! so changed, Kitty. So tall and grand. Come to my mother."

Lady Levett was standing close by with Sir Robert, who took me by the shoulders and kissed my cheeks, forehead, and lips in fatherly fashion.

"Gadso!" he cried. "This is brave indeed. Things are likely to go well at Epsom. We have got back our Kitty, wife."

Lady Levett was colder. Perhaps she had misgivings on what had been done with me for the last twelvemonth. And then I, who had gone away a simple, rustic maid, was now in hoops, patches, and powder.

"Kitty will tell us presently," she said, "I doubt not, what she has done, and under whose protection she is travelling."

Then I hastened to present Mrs. Esther, who stood aside, somewhat embarrassed.

"Madam," I said, "I present to you my benefactress and guardian, Mrs. Esther, to whose care I was entrusted by my uncle. Dear aunt, this is my Lady Levett. Mrs. Esther Pimpernel, madam, hath done me the singular kindness of calling me her niece."

"My niece and daughter by adoption," said that kind lady. "Your ladyship will be pleased, out of your goodness of heart, to hear the best report of this dear child's health and conduct. The good principles, my lady, which she learned of you and of her lamented father, have borne fruit in virtues of obedience and duty."

Both ladies made a deep reverence. Then said Lady Levett:

"I assure you, my dear madam, I looked for nothing less in this dear child. From such a father as was hers, could ought but good descend? Madam, I desire your better acquaintance. For Kitty's sake, I hope we may be friends."

"Why," said Sir Robert, "we are friends already. Kitty, thou art grown; thou art a fine girl. I warrant we shall have breaking of hearts before all is done. Epsom Wells was never so full of gallants. Well, breaking of hearts is rare sport, and seldom hurts the men, though they make so great a coil about it in their rhymes and nonsense. But have a care, both of you; sometimes the girls get their own little cockleshells of hearts broken in earnest."

"I should like to see the man among them who could break my heart," said Nancy pertly, laughing.

"Your's?" her father asked, tapping her pretty rosy cheek. "It is such a little one, no one can find it; nevertheless, lass, it is big enough to carry all thy father's in it, big as he is."

Then we began to ask questions all together. I to inquire after the village and the hall, the church, the ponies, the garden, the hounds, the fruit, all the things we used to think about; and Will, they told me, was at home, but was coming to the Wells for certain races in which he would himself ride. Harry Temple was gone to London, but would perhaps come to Epsom as soon as he knew who was there. Why had I written not one single letter?

I blushed and hung my head. I could not tell the truth, for the sake of Mrs. Esther, how I was ashamed at first to speak of the place in which I found myself, and afterwards was afraid; but I should have to explain my silence.

"It was not," I stammered, "that I was ungrateful to your ladyship for all your kindness. But things were strange at first, and there was nothing that I could take any pleasure in telling your ladyship. And a London letter from a simple girl, who can send no news of the great world, is a worthless thing to deliver by the post."

"Nay, child," said Lady Levett, "we should not have grudged the charge for good tidings of thy welfare."

"Our Kitty," said Mrs. Esther, colouring a little, for it is never pleasant to help at concealing, dissembling, or falsifying things, "has had a busy time of late. Your ladyship knows, doubtless, that her education was not completed. We have had masters and teachers of dancing, music, deportment, and the like during the last few months, and I trust that we shall find she will do credit to the instruction she has received. Meanwhile I have, for reasons which it would not interest your ladyship to learn, been living in great retirement. We had a lodging lately in Red Lion Street, not far from the Foundling Hospital, where the air is good and the situation quiet."

We fell, presently, into a sort of procession. First went Lady Levett and Mrs. Esther (I overheard the latter speaking at length of her father, the Lord Mayor, of her grandfather, also the Lord Mayor, and of her last visit to Epsom), then came Nancy, Sir Robert, who held my hand, and myself. The music, which had stopped during prayers, began again now. The Terrace was crowded with the visitors, and Nancy began to point them out to me as we walked along.

"Look, child—oh! how beautiful you have grown!—there is Mr. Pagoda Tree—it is really Samuel Tree, or Obadiah Tree, or, I think, Crab-apple Tree, but they all call him Pagoda Tree; he has

made a quarter of a million in Bengal, and is come running to Bath, Epsom, and Tunbridge, in search of a wife. With all his money I, for one, would not have him, the yellow little Nabob! He has five-and-twenty blacks at his lodgings, and they say he sticks dinner-knives into them if his curry be not hot enough. There goes the Dean of St. Sepulchre's. He is come to drink the waters, which are good for a stomach enfeebled by great dinners; there is no better fox-hunter in the county, and no finer judge of port. Pity to be seventy years old when one has all the will and the power to go on doing good to the Christian Church by fox-hunting and drinking"—he was certainly a very red-faced divine, who looked as if this world was more in his thoughts than the next, where, so far as we know fox-hunting will not be practised and port will not be held in esteem. "You see yonder little fribble, my dear—do not look at him, or it will make him think the better of himself; he is a haberdasher from town, who pretends to be a Templar. A fribble, Kitty—oh! you innocent, tall, beautiful creature!—a fribble is a thing made up of rags, wig, ruffles, wind, froth, amber cane, paint, powder, coat-skirts, and sword. Nothing else, I assure you. No brains, no heart, no ears, no taste, nothing. There are many fribbles at the Wells, who will dance with you, talk to you, and—if you have enough money—would like to run away with you. Don't throw yourself away on a fribble, Kitty. And don't run away with anybody. Nothing so uncomfortable."

"That gallant youth in the red-coat is an officer, who had better be with his colours in America than showing his scarlet at the Wells. Yet he is a pretty fellow, is he not? Here are more clergymen—" One of them somewhat reminded me of my uncle, for he wore, like him, a full wig, a cassock of silk, and a flowing gown; also, he carried his head with the assurance which belongs to one who is a teacher of men, and respects his own wisdom. But he differed from my uncle in being sleek, which the famous Chaplain of the Fleet certainly was not. He dropped his eyes as he went, inwardly rapt, no doubt, by heavenly thoughts.

"That," Nancy went on, "is the great Court preacher, the Reverend Bellamour Parolles, Master of Arts. The shabby divine beside him is the Vicar of Sissinghurst, in Kent, who is here to drink the waters for a complaint that troubles the poor man. What a difference!"

The country parson went dressed in a grey-striped calamanco nightgown; he wore a wig which had once been white, but was now, by the influence of this uncertain climate, turned to a pale orange; his brown hat was encompassed by a black hatband; his bands, which might have been cleaner, decently retired under the shadow of his chin; his greystockings were darned with blue worsted. As they walked together it seemed to me that the country parson

was saying to the crowd: "You see—I am in rags; I go in darts, patches, and poverty; yet by my sacred profession and my learning, I am the equal of my brother in silk." While the more prosperous one might have been thought to say: "Behold the brotherhood and equality of the Church, when I, the great and fashionable, know no difference between myself and my humble brethren!"

In the afternoon and evening there was, however, this difference, that the town parson was seen at the Assembly Rooms among the ladies, while his country brother might have been seen at the Crown, over a pipe and a brown George full of strong October.

Then Nancy went on to point out more of the visitors. There were merchants, well known on the Royal Exchange; courtiers from St. James's; country gentlemen, with their madams, brave in muslin pinnars and sarsnet hoods, from estates remote from the great town, where they had never ceased to consider themselves the feudal lords of the people as well as the land; there were younger sons full of talk about horses and hounds; there were doctors in black, with bag-wigs; there were lawyers in vacation, their faces as full of sharpness as is the face of a fox; there were young fellows not yet launched upon the fashionable world, who looked on with the shyness and impudence of youth, trying to catch the trick of dress, manner, and carriage which marks the perfect beau; there were old fellows, like Mr. Walsingham, who sat on the benches, or ran about, proud of their activity, in attendance on the ladies. It was indeed a motley crew.

"They say that Epsom has come into fashion again," Nancy went on. "I know not. Tunbridge is a dangerous rival. Yet this year the place is full. That young man coming to speak to me you may distinguish by your acquaintance, my dear."

What a distinction! "He is—I hope your lordship is well this morning—he is the young Lord Eardesley, whose father is but just dead. He is a Virginian by birth, and all his fortune, with which the family estates have been recovered, was made by tobacco on his plantations. He has hundreds of negro slaves, besides convicts. Yet he is of grave and serious disposition, and abhors the smell of a pipe. Peggy Baker thinks to catch his lordship. Yet coronets are not so easily won."

She stopped again to speak to some ladies of her acquaintance.

"Well, my dear, as for our manner of life here, it is the same as at all watering-places. We dress and undress: we meet at church, and on the Terrace and the New Parade, and the Assembly Rooms: we go to the Downs to see races before dinner and after dinner: we talk scandal: we say wicked things about each other: we try to catch the eyes of the men: we hate each other with malice and uncharitableness: we raffle: we gamble: we listen to the music: we exchange pretty nothings with the beaux: we find out all the stories about everybody here: and we dance at the Assembly."

She stopped to breathe.

"This is a rattle," said Sir Robert, "which never stops—like the clack of the water-wheel. Go on, Nan."

"One of our amusements," she went on, tossing her little head, "is to buy strawberries, cherries, vegetables, salad, fowls, and ducks of the higglers who bring them to the market, or carry them round to the houses of the town. The gentlemen, I observe, derive a peculiar satisfaction in clucking under the chin those of the higglers who are young and good-looking. This, I confess, is a pleasure which I cannot for my own part understand."

"Saucy baggage!" said her father.

"You and I, Kitty," she continued, "who do not want to chuck farmers' daughters under the chin, may, when we are tired of the races or the promenade, take an airing in a coach, or watch the raffling, or the card-players. Here they play cards all day long, except on Sunday. Or we may go to the book-shop and hear the latest scandal: or we may go home and trim our own things and talk about frocks, and patches, and poetry, and lace, and lovers. But, for Heaven's sake, Kitty, do not, in this censorious place, make that pretty face too cheap, and let no one follow you on the Terrace but the best of the company."

"Good advice," said Sir Robert. "This girl of mine has got her father's head."

"As for cards," Nancy went on, taking no notice of her father's interruption, "the tables are always laid in the Assembly Room: the ladies mostly play at quadrille, and the gentlemen at whist; but there are tables for hazard, lansquenet, Pharaoh, and baccarat, where all comers are welcome, provided they have got money to lose and can lose it without also losing their temper, a thing we women throw away daily, and lose without regarding it, so cheap and abundant a commodity it is. My dear, so long as I value my face, I will never touch the odious delightful things. Yet the joy of winning your enemy's money! Oh! oh! And the dreadful grief to lose your own!"

"There is a concert this evening. I would not advise you to attend it, but to wait for Monday's ball—then to make your first appearance. I shall go, because some of my swains are going to play with the paid musicians; and of course I look to see them break down and spoil the whole music, to their great confusion."

"But Monday—Monday is our day of days. All Sunday we think about it, and cannot say our prayers for thinking of the dear delightful day. And what the clergyman preaches about none of us know, for wishing the day was here. On Monday we have a great public breakfast to begin with: the gentry come to it from all the countryside, with the great people from Durdans: in fine weather we breakfast under the trees upon the Terrace while the music plays. Yoe will find it pleasant to take your chocolate to the strains of flute and clarinet, French horn and hautboy; the sunshine raises the spirits, and the music fills the head with pretty fancies. Besides, every girl likes to be surrounded by tall fellows who, though we care not a pin for one of them, are useful for providing conversation, cakes, and creams, telling stories, saying gallant things, fetching, carrying, and making Peggy Baker jealous. On Monday, too, there are always matches on the Downs: we pretend to be interested in the horses: we come back to dinner and a concert: in the afternoon some of the gentlemen give tea and chocolate: and at six o'clock the fiddles tune up—oh, the delicious scraping;—we all take our places: and then begins—oh! oh! oh!—the dear, delightful ball! My child, let Miss Peggy Baker dress her best, put on her finest airs, and swim about with her most languishing sprawl, I know who shall outshine her, and be the Queen of the Wells."

"Yourself, dear Nancy?"

"No; not myself, dear Nancy," she replied, imitating. "Oh! you may well blush for shame, pretty hypocrite! 'Tis yourself, dear Kitty, that I mean. You shall burst upon their astonished gaze like Venus rising from the sea in our picture at home, only better dressed than that poor creature."

Just then a young lady, with the largest hoop I had ever seen, with patches and powder, and accompanied by three or four gentlemen, came slowly along the walk. As she drew near she looked at me with curiosity. She was a tall girl—nearly as tall as myself—with features rather larger than ordinary, and as she moved I understood what Nancy meant by languishing and swimming.

Nancy ran to meet her, taking her by both hands, and affecting a mighty joy.

"Dear Miss Peggy," she began, "I am charmed to see you looking so well and lovely. How that dress becomes your shape! with what an air sits that hat!"

"Oh, Miss Nancy!" Miss Peggy swam and languished, agitating her fan and half shutting her eyes, which were very large and limpid.

"Praise from such a judge of beauty and dress as yourself is rare

indeed. What should we poor women do without the discrimination of our own sex? Men have no discernment. A well-dressed woman and a draggletail are all one to them."

"Not all men, dear Miss Peggy," continued Nancy, her eyes sparkling. "Mr. Walsingham was only saying this morning that you are, like himself, a proof of the salubrity of the Wells, since it is now the fifth season—"

"The third, dear child," Miss Peggy interrupted, with a tap of her fan on Nancy's knuckles—indeed, she deserved it. "I am very much obliged to Mr. Walsingham, whose tongue is free with all the ladies at the Wells. It is but yesterday he said of you—"

"This is my friend, Miss Kitty Pleydell," said Nancy, quickly, rubbing her knuckles. "Kitty, my dear, you have heard of the beautiful Peggy Baker, last year the Toast of Tunbridge Wells, and the year before the Toast of Bath. Up to the present she has been our pride. On Monday evening you shall see her in her bravest attire, the centre of attraction, envied by us poor homely creatures, who have to content ourselves with the rustic beaux, the parsons, the lawyers, and the half-pay officers."

Now, whether this artful girl did it on purpose, or whether it was by accident, I know not; but every word of this speech contained an innuendo against poor Miss Peggy. For it was true she had been for two years following a Toast, but she was still unmarried, and without a lover, though she had so many men for ever in her train; and it was also true that among her courtiers at Epsom, the little band who held back while the ladies talked, there were, as I afterwards learned, at least three rustic beaux, two lawyers, a fashionable parson, and six half-pay officers. However, she disguised whatever resentment she might have felt, very kindly bade me welcome to the Wells, hoped that I should enjoy the place, told Nancy that her tongue ran away with her, and that she was a saucy little baggage, tapped her knuckles for the second time with her fan, and moved away.

When Nancy had finished telling me of the amusements of the place and the people—I omit most of what she said as to the people because, although doubtless true, the stories did not redound to their credit, and may now very well be forgotten—we left the Terrace, Sir Robert now joining madam, and looked at the stalls and booths which were ranged along the side. They were full of pretty things exhibited for sale, and instead of rude 'prentice boys for salesmen there were good-looking girls, with whom some of the gentlemen were talking and laughing.

"More chin-chucking, my dear," said Nancy.

It was the fashion to have a lottery at almost every stall, so that when you bought anything you received a ticket with your purchase, which entitled you to a chance of the prize. When you chose a bottle of scent the girl who gave it you handed with it a ticket which gave one the chance of winning five guineas; with a pair of stockings came a ticket for a ten-guinea lottery. It was the same thing with all the shops. A leg of mutton bought at the butcher's might procure for the purchaser the sum of twenty guineas; the barber who dressed your hair presented you with a chance for his five-guinea draw; the very taverns and ordinaries had their lotteries, so that for every sixpenny plate of boiled beef a 'prentice had his chance with the rest, and might win a guinea: you ordered a dozen oysters, and they came with the fishmonger's compliments and a ticket for his lottery; the first prize of which would be two guineas, the drawing to take place on such a day, with auditors appointed to see all fair, and schoolchildren named to pull out the tickets; even the woman who sold apples and cherries in a basket loudly bellowed along the street that she had a half-crown draw, a five-shilling draw, and so on. Every one of us treasured up the tickets, but I never met any who won. Yet we had the pleasure of attending the drawing, dreaming of lucky numbers, and spending our prizes beforehand. I am sure that Nancy must have spent in this way many hundreds of pounds during the season, and by talking over all the fine things she would buy, the way in which their exhibition upon her little figure would excite the passion of envy in the breast of Peggy Baker and others, and her own importance thus bedecked, she had quite as much pleasure out of her imaginary winnings as if they had been real ones. It is a happy circumstance for mankind that they are able to enjoy what they never can possess, and to be, in imagination, the great, the glorious, the rich, the powerful personages which they can never, in the situation wherein Providence has placed them, hope to become.

Presently we went home to dinner, which was served for us by Cicely Crump. After dinner, while Mrs. Esther dozed, Cicely told me her history. Her father, she said, had been a substantial tradesman in Cheapside, and though little of stature, was in his youth a man of the most determined courage and resolution. When only just out of his apprenticeship he fell in love with a beautiful young lady named Jenny Medlicott (daughter of the same Alderman Medlicott whose ruin brought poor Mrs. Esther to destruction); as he knew that he could never get the consent of the alderman, being poor and of obscure birth, and knowing besides that all is fair in love, this lad of mettle represented himself to his nymph as a young gentleman of the Temple, son of a country squire. In this disguise he persuaded her to run away with him, and they were married. But when they returned to London they found that the alderman was ruined, and gone off his head. Therefore they separated, the lady going to Virginia with Lady Eardesley, mother of the young lord now at Epsom, and the husband going back to the shop. After the death of poor Jenny he married again. "And," said Cicely, "though my mother is no gentlewoman, one cannot but feel that she might have been Miss Jenny Medlicott herself had things turned out differently. And that makes all of us hold up our heads. And as for poor father, he never forgot his first wife, and was always pleased to relate how he ran away with her all the way to Scotland, armed to the teeth, and ready, for her sake, to fight a dozen highwaymen. Such a resolute spirit he had!"

Then Nancy Levett came, bringing with her a milliner, Mrs. Bergamot.

"Kitty," she cried, "I cannot rest for thinking of your first ball, and I have brought you Mrs. Bergamot to advise. My dear, you *must* be well dressed." Then she whispered, "Do you want money, dear? I have some."

I told her I had as much as a hundred and twenty guineas, at which she screamed with delight.

"Kitty!" she cried again, clasping my hands. "A hundred guineas! a hundred guineas! and twenty more! My dear, that odd twenty, that poor overflowing of thy rich measure, is the utmost I could get for this season at the Wells. Oh! happy, happy girl, to have such a face, such a shape, such eyes, such hair, such hands and feet, and a hundred and twenty guineas to set all off!"

She sat down, clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven as if in thankfulness. I think I see her now, the little dainty merry maid, so arch, so apt, sitting before me with a look which might be of envy or of joy. She had eyes so bright, a mouth so little, dimples so cunning, a cheek so rosy, and a chin so rounded that one could not choose but love her.

"Miss Pleydell," she said to the milliner, "has not brought all her things from London. You must get what she wants at once, for Monday's ball. Now, let us see."

Then we held a Parliament of four, counting Cicely, over the great question of my frocks. Nancy was prime minister, and did all the talking, turning over the things.

"Let me see, Mrs. Bergamot. Fetch us, if you have them—what you have—in flowered brocades—all colours—violet, pink,

Italian, posies, rose, myrtle, jessamine, anything; a watered tabby would become you, Kitty; any painted lawns,—silks and satins would be almost too old for you; do not forget the patches à la grecque—Kitty, be very careful of the patches; gauzes, what you have, Mrs. Bergamot; we want more hoods, a feathered muff, stomacher, Paris nets, *eau de Chypre* or *eau de lue*, whichever you have; earrings are no use to you, my poor child. Pity that they did not pierce your ears: see the little drops dangling at mine. At any rate, thank Heaven that we neither of us want vermilion for the cheeks. Poor Peggy! she paints these two years and more. Ruffs, Mrs. Bergamot, and tippets, cardinals, any pretty thing in sarsnets, and what you have in purple. Kitty, purple is your colour. You shall have a dress all purple for the next ball. Ah! if I could carry purple! But you, Kitty, with your height and figure—stand up, child—why, she will be Juno herself!"

"Truly," said the dressmaker, "as for Miss Pleydell, purple has come into fashion in pudding-time, as folk say."

"A pretty woman," Nancy went on, examining me as if I had been a dummy, "not a pretty 'little thing' like me, is as rare in Epsom as a black swan or a white blackbird, or a green yellow-hammer, or a red blue-tit."

When the dressmaker was gone, and we were left alone, Nancy began again, out of her great experience, to talk of the place we were in.

"My dear," she said, "before one's father one cannot say all that one would wish—could such wisdom be possible at seventeen-and-a-half? This is a very shocking and wicked place; we used to be taught that girls ought to sit in a corner, after they had put on their best things, and wait to be spoken to, and not to think about attracting the men; and not, indeed, to think about the men at all, save in their own room, when they might perhaps pray that if there were any men in the world not addicted to gambling, drinking, cursing, hunting, fighting, and striking, those men might be led by Heaven to cast eyes of love upon them. Oh!—here she held up her hands and shook her head just like a woman four times her age, and steeped in experience—"in this place it is not long that the girls sit in a corner, and, indeed, I do not greatly love corners myself; but the very wives, the matrons, the married women, my dear,"—her voice rose with each word till it had mounted nearly to the top of the possible scale,—are coquettes, who interfere with the girls, and would have the gallants dangling at their heels. As for their husbands, they are the last persons considered worthy of their notice; they put on their dresses and deck themselves out to please anybody rather than the persons whom it should be their only study to please."

"Nancy," I whispered, "when you are married, will you never, never dress to please anybody but your husband?"

"Why," she replied, "my father, my mother, my children (if I have any), my friends will be pleased to see me go fine. But not for lovers—oh!"

We agreed that would-be lovers should be received and properly dealt with before marriage.

"Bashfulness here," continued the pretty moralist, "is—Heaven help us!—lack of breeding; what goes down is defiance of manners and modesty. Propriety is laughed at; noise is wit; laughter is repartee; most of the women gamble; nearly all are in debt; nobody reads anything serious; and we backbite each other perpetually."

I know not what had put her in so strange a mood for moralising.

"However," she said, "now that you are come, we shall get on better. I have made up my mind that you are to be the 'Toast of the season.' I shall set you off, because you are brown, and I am fair; you are tall, and I am short; you are grave, and I am merry; you are thoughtful, and I am silly; you have brown eyes, and I have blue. We will have none but the best men about us; we will set such an example as will shame the hoydens of girls and tame the Mohocks among the men. Miss Lamb of Hackney, who thinks herself a beauty, will then be ashamed to jump about and scream at the Assembly with nothing over her skinny shoulders. Peggy Baker shall have after her none but the married men (who are of no possible use except to spoil a girl's reputation), although she sighs and swims and sprawls with her eyes half shut. Do you know she sat for her portrait to Zincke, at Marylebone Gardens, as Anne Boleyn, and was painted with eyelashes down to the corners of her mouth?"

"Nancy," I cried, "you are jealous of Miss Peggy Baker."

She laughed, and talked of something else. From this I conjectured that Peggy had said or reported something which offended her. What had really been said, I learned afterwards, was that Nancy was running after Lord Eardesley, which was unkind as well as untrue.

"Last year," she said, "after you went away, nothing would serve my mother but a visit to Bath. It is not so gay as Tunbridge Wells, because the company are mostly country folk, like ourselves, who stand upon their dignity; but it is better than this place, where there are so many London cits that it passes one's patience, sometimes, to see their manners"—really, Nancy must have been seriously put out. "However, I dare say Bath is as wicked as any of the watering towns, when you come to know it. I liked the bathing. What do you think, Kitty, of everybody promenading in the water up to their chin—that is to say, the little people, like me, up to their noses (only I wore pattens to make myself higher), and the tall men up to their shoulders, in hot water? Everybody frolicking, flirting, and chattering, while jappanned trays float about covered with confectionery, tea, oils, and perfumes for the ladies; and when you go away, your chair is nothing but a tub full of hot water, in which you are carried home. We stayed there all July and August, though my mother would not let me go to the baths till I was bigger. Harry Temple was there, too, part of the time."

"And how doth Harry?"

"He is a good honest fellow," said Nancy, "though conceited and a prig; his mouth full of learned words, and his head full of books. He seemed to pine after your departure, Kitty, but soon recovered himself, and now eats and drinks again as before. He found some congenial spirits from Oxford at Bath, and they used to talk of Art, and pictures (when any one was listening), and bronzes, and all sorts of things that we poor people know nothing of."

Then she told me how Harry had made a poem upon me, after my departure, which he turned into Latin, Greek, and Italian, and had given Nancy a copy. And how Will had christened one pup Kitty, and another Pleydell, and a third Kitty Pleydell, and was casting around how to give a fourth puppy my name as well.

It seemed so long ago that I had almost forgotten poor rustic Will, with his red face, his short sturdy figure, and his determination.

"Dear Kitty," said Nancy, "if thou couldst take a fancy for our Will—he is a brave lad, though dull of parts and slow of apprehension. As for Harry"—here she stopped, and blushed.

I remembered my secret, and blushed as well (but for guilt and shame); while poor Nancy blushed in maiden modesty.

"Dear Nancy," I replied, kissing her, "believe me, but I could never marry your brother Will. And as for Harry—"

"As for Harry," she echoed, with downcast eyes.

It was easy to read her secret, though she could not guess mine.

"As for Harry," I said, "where could he be better bestowed than—"

Here I kissed her again, and said no more, because between two women what more need be said?

Alas! I had quite forgotten—indeed, I never suspected—that I was actually engaged to become the wife of both Harry and Will, who was at this time the wife of Lord Chudleigh. And both men were on their way to Epsom to claim the promise.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW KITTY WENT TO HER FIRST BALL

IF I were to write all that Nancy said on Saturday afternoon, it would fill a volume; and if I were to write down all that we four said about my dress for the Monday ball, it would take four volumes at least, so nimbly ran our tongues. It was determined, however, that the purple frock should be put in hand at once, with ribbons and everything to correspond; but that for this occasion, as time pressed, we would: ake my best frock, a new white satin, never before worn. Mrs. Bergamot would dress me, and the hairdresser was engaged for two o'clock.

"Everything," said Nancy, "depends upon the first impression. Already the world is agog to see the beautiful Miss Pleydell dressed. As for me, my dear, nobody noticed my first appearance at all. And yet I thought I looked very nice. To be sure, a person of my inches cannot expect to command attention. I am feeling my way, however, and though I am little, my tongue is sharp. After Monday we will have our court, you and I, to ourselves. The men will be at our feet, and Peggy may lie all on a rock deploring."

I asked her afterwards how she could speak so openly before this milliner, who would probably tell all the town what she had said.

"My dear," she replied sharply, "your Nancy is not altogether a goose, and she knows what she is doing. Mrs. Bergamot is a most trustworthy person. I quite rely upon her. I have never known her fail in her duties as town-crier. She will spread it abroad that you have brought a hundred guineas and more to spend in frocks and things; she will tell everybody that you have ordered a purple velvet in the first fashion; she will not fail to repeat that you and I together mean to lead the company at the Wells; she will probably tell Peggy that she may go and sit on a rock deploring; and she will inform Miss Lamb of Hackney that her shoulders are skinny. They cannot hate us worst than they do, therefore we will make them fear us."

What a little spitfire was this Nancy of mine!

To the religious and the sober, Sunday is a day of serious meditation as well as of rest: to me, the Sunday before the ball was a day of such worldly tumult as should afford ample room for repentance in these later years. Unhappily, we repent but seldom of these youthful sins. Yet, when we went to church, the organ seemed to play a minuet, the hymns they sang might have been a hey or a jig in a country dance, and the sermon of the preacher might have been a discourse on the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, so rapt was my mind in contemplation of these vanities.

The service over, we walked out through a lane of the godless men who had not gone to church. Nancy came after me very demure, carrying her Prayer-book, her eyes cast down as if rapt in heavenly meditation. But her thoughts were as worldly as my own, and she presently found an opportunity of whispering that Peggy Baker had thrown glances of the greatest ferocity from her pew at herself and me, that Mrs. Bergamot had already spread the news about, and that the concourse of men at the door of the sacred place was entirely on my account. "If it was not Sunday," she added, "and if it were not for the crowd around us, I should dance and sing."

The time for opening the ball was six, at which time dancing began, and was continued until eleven, according to the laws wisely laid down by that public benefactor and accomplished Amphitryon, Mr. Nash, who effected so much improvement for Bath and Tunbridge that his rules were adopted for all other watering-places. Before this time there were no fixed hours or fixed prices, the laws of precedence were badly observed, the gentlemen wore their swords, and disputes, which sometimes ended in duels, were frequent and unseemly. Now, however, nothing could be more orderly than the manner of conducting the entertainment. The charge of admission was half-a-crown for gentlemen, and one shilling for ladies; no swords were permitted, and the ball was opened by the gentlemen of the highest rank in the room. At Epsom, a country squire or a city knight was generally the best that could be procured, whereas at Bath an earl was not uncommon, and even a duke was sometimes seen.

My hairdresser, who was on these occasions engaged from six o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, was fortunately able to give me half an hour at two o'clock, so that I had not more than four hours or so to sit without moving my head. This was a very happy circumstance, many ladies having to be dressed early in the morning, so that for the whole day they could neither walk about nor move for fear of the structure toppling over altogether. Mrs. Bergamot half dressed me. I wore my white satin frock over a great hoop with fine new point lace for tuckers; my kerchief and ruffles were in lace, and I had on a pearl and coral necklace, presented to me by Mrs. Esther, who was contented to wear a black ribbon round her neck in order that I might go the finer. As for herself, she wore a rich brocade, which greatly became her, and made her look like a countess.

"Nay, child," she said, "not a countess, but like a gentlewoman, as hath ever been my simple ambition, and the daughter of a great London merchant."

But to think that in every house in Epsom there was one girl, at least, or perhaps two, who were spending as much time and thought as myself upon the decoration of our persons for this ball! And what chance had I of distinction among so many fine women of less rustic breeding?

"She will do, Mrs. Bergamot, I think," said Mrs. Esther.

"Madam," replied the dressmaker, who no doubt considered it part of her business to flatter her customers, "madam, I dare swear that there hath not appeared—I do not say at Epsom alone, but at Tunbridge and at Bath—so beautiful a creature in the memory of man. Mr. Walsingham, who remembers all the beauties for fifty years, declares that Miss Kitty surpasses all. Straight as a lance, madam, and shapely as a statue, with such a face as will deal havoc and destruction among the men."

Mrs. Esther nodded her head and laughed. Then she shook her head and looked grave.

"We must not become vain, Kitty," she said. "Beauty is but skin-deep; it fades like the flowers: think only of virtue and goodness, which never fade. And yet child, thou art young: thou art beautiful: be happy in the sunshine, as is meet. Thank Heaven for sunshine!"

She pressed my hand in hers, and the tears rose to her eyes. Was she thinking of her own youth, which had been so unhappy?

When Mrs. Bergamot left us, she confessed to me that, like me, she had been in a strange agitation of spirit at the contemplation of this assembly.

"It is thirty years," she said, "since I have been in a gay crowd. I thought that such a thing as the sight of youth and happiness would never come to me again. And to think that, after all these years, I should go back to the very room where, in 1720, amid a crowd of adventurers, speculators, and gamblers, who were going to ruin us all, I attended my last ball!"

This was while we were waiting for the chairs.

"I think," she went on, in her soft voice, which was like the rippling of a stream, "that my child will do credit to herself. I am glad that you have kept your neck covered, my dear. I would rather see you go modest than fine. I hope the Lady Levett will be there before us. In such cases as this the sight of a friend gives us, as it were, an encouragement: it is like a prop to lean against. I hope the chairs will not be late. On the other hand, one would not, surely, arrive too early. My dear, I am trembling all over. Are you sure you have forgotten none of your steps? Ah! if no one

were to ask you to dance, I should die of shame and mortification! But they will—oh! they will. My Kitty is too beautiful to sit among the crowd of lookers-on."

Here came Cicely, running to tell us that the chairs were below, and that the men swore they could not wait.

"A minute—one minute only. Dear, dear! how quick the girl is! Cicely, take one last look at Miss Kitty. Do you think, child, she has got everything, and is properly dressed?"

"Quite properly, madam. No lady in the assembly will shine like Miss Pleydell."

"Good girl. And, Cicely, if you see that anything is wanting in my dress, do not scruple to tell me. Young eyes are sometimes quicker than old ones."

"Nothing, madam. Your ladyship is dressed in the fashion."

Then the chairmen, who, like all their tribe, were unmanly fellows, bellowed that they would wait no longer, and we descended the stairs. One would have been ashamed to confess the fact, but it actually was the very first time I had ever sat in a chair. The shaking was extremely disagreeable, and one could not, at the beginning, feel anything but pity for the poor men who made their living by carrying about the heavy bodies of people too fine or too lazy to walk. However, that feeling soon wore off: just as the West Indian and Virginian planters learn by degrees to believe that their negro slaves like to work in the fields, are thankful for the lash, and prefer digging under a hot sun to sleeping in the shade.

We arrived at the Assembly Rooms a few minutes before six.

The rooms were already crowded: the curtains were drawn, and the light of day excluded. But in its place there was a ravishing display of wax candles, arranged upon the walls on sconces, or hanging from the ceiling. The musicians in the gallery were already beginning, as is their wont, to tune their instruments, twanging an l blowing, just as a preacher begins with a preliminary ahem.

My eyes swam as I surveyed the brilliant gathering; for a moment I held Mrs. Esther by the wrist, and could say nothing nor move. I felt like an actress making her appearance for the first time upon the stage, and terrified, for the moment, by the faces looking up, curious and critical, from crowded pit and glittering boxes.

At that moment Lady Levett arrived with her party. I think Sir Robert saw our distress and my guardian's anxiety to appear at her ease, for he kindly took Mrs. Esther by the hand, and led her, as if she were the greatest lady in the assembly, to the upper end, while Nancy and I followed after.

"Oh, Kitty!" she whispered; "there is no one half so beautiful as you—no one in all the room! How the men stare! Did they never see a pretty woman before? Wait in patience for a little, ye would-be lovers, till your betters are served. Peggy Baker, my dear, you will burst with envy. Look! Here she comes, with her courtiers."

In fact, Miss Baker herself here appeared with her mother, surrounded by three or four gentlemen who hovered about her, and she languidly advanced up the room.

She came straight to us, and, after saluting Lady Levett and Mrs. Esther, held out her hand to Nancy and curtsied to me.

"You look charming to-night, dear Miss Nancy. That frock of yours—one is never tired of it."

"And you—oh, dear Miss Peggy!" Nancy turned white, because her frock was really rather an old one.

"It is good wearing stuff," said Miss Peggy. "Yet I had thought that mode gone out."

"So it had, my dear," said Nancy, sharply; "and I believe it went out five seasons ago. That is longer than I can recollect. But it has come back again. Fashions do revive, sometimes."

This was a very ill-natured thing to say, and made poor Miss Peggy wince and colour, and she did not retaliate, because, I suppose, she could think of nothing to say.

Then old Mr. Walsingham, who had constituted himself the director of the ceremonies, appeared. He was dressed in the most beautiful crimson silk coat, lined with white, and purple waistcoat, and he came slowly up the hall, with a gentleman whose bearing was as great as his own, but whose years were less.

"It is young Lord Chudleigh," whispered Peggy Baker, fanning herself anxiously. "He has come from Durdans with his party."

Lord Chudleigh!

Heavens! To meet in such a manner, in such a place, my own husband!

"What is the matter, Kitty dear?" asked Nancy. "You turned quite pale. Bite your lips, my dear, to get the colour back."

"It is nothing. I am faint with the heat and the lights, I suppose. Do not take notice of me."

Peggy Baker assumed an air of languor and sensibility, which, though extremely fine, was perhaps over-acted.

"Lord Chudleigh," she said, "is of course the person of the highest distinction in the room. He will invite, I presume, Lady Levett to open the ball with the first minuet. If Lady Levett declines, he will be free to select another partner."

In fact, Mr. Walsingham conducted Lord Chudleigh to Lady Levett, and presented him to her. Her ladyship excused herself on the ground that her dancing days were over, which was of course expected. His lordship then said a few words to Mr. Walsingham, who nodded, smiled, and conducted him to the little group composed of Nancy, Peggy Baker, and myself. But he presented his lordship—to me!

"Since," he said, while the room went round with me, "since Lady Levett will not condescend to open the ball with your lordship, I beg to present you to Miss Kitty Pleydell, who appears to-night, for the first time, at our assembly; and, I am assured, for the first time in any assembly. My lord, the sun, when he rises in splendour, dims the light of the moon and stars. Miss Kitty, I would I were fifty years younger, that I might challenge this happy young gentleman for the honour of the dance."

Then Lord Chudleigh spoke. I remembered his voice: a deep shame fell upon my soul, thinking where and how I had heard that voice before.

"Miss Pleydell," he said, bowing low, "I humbly desire the honour of opening the ball with you."

It was time to rally my spirits, for the eyes of all the company were upon us. There was only one thing to do—to forget for the moment what was past, and address myself to the future.

I can look back upon the evening with pride, because I remember how I was able to push away shame and remembrance, and to think, for the moment, about my steps and my partner.

Twang, twang, twang, went the fiddles. The conductor raised his wand. The music crashed and rang about the room.

"Courage, Kitty!" whispered Nancy. "Courage! Think you are at home."

The hall was cleared now, and the people stood round in a triple circle, watching, while my lord, his hat beneath his arm, offered me his hand, and led me into the middle of the room.

The last things I observed as I went with him were Mrs. Esther, wiping away what looked like a little tear of pride, and Peggy Baker, with red face, fanning herself violently. Poor Peggy! Last year it was she who would have taken the place of the most distinguished lady in the company!

They told me afterwards that I acquitted myself creditably. I would not permit myself to think under what different circumstances that hand had once before held mine. I would not break down before the eyes of so many people, and with Peggy Baker standing by, ready to condole with me on my discomfiture. But I could not bring myself to look in the face of my partner; and that dance was accomplished with eyes down-dropped.

Oh! it was over at last; the dance which was to me the most anxious, the most delightful, the most painful, that ever girl danced in all this world! And what do you think strengthened my heart the while? It was the strangest thing; but I thought of a certain verse in a certain old history, and I repeated to myself, as one says things when one is troubled:—

"Now the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favour in his sight; so that he set the royal crown upon her head."

"Child," whispered Mrs. Esther, her face aglow with pleasure and pride, "we are all proud of you."

"Kitty," said Lady Levett, who was more critical, because she knew more of the polite world, "you acquitted yourself creditably. Next time, do not be afraid to look your partner in the face. My lord, I trust that Miss Pleydell's performance has made you congratulate yourself on my declining the honour of the minuet?"

"Your ladyship," said Lord Chudleigh, "may be assured that, if anything could compensate for that disappointment, the grace and beauty of my fair partner have effected that object."

"Gadzooks!" cried Sir Robert. "Here is a beating about the bush! Kitty, my pretty maid, no duchess could have danced better, and never a queen in Christendom is more beautiful! Say I well, my lord?"

"Excellently well, Sir Robert. You have said more than I dared; not more than I thought."

Then Mr. Walsingham came bustling to congratulate me.

"But one opinion—only one opinion, Miss Pleydell! Lady Levett, your obedient servant. Mrs. Pimperl, I offer my congratulations on this young lady's success. I would it had been Bath, or even Tunbridge, whence the rumour of such beauty and such grace would have been more quickly carried about the country. But it will be spread abroad. There are three hundred tongues here to-night, who will talk, and three hundred pens who will write. Miss Kitty, once more I salute your Majesty—Queen of the Wells!"

Then Lord Chudleigh, and Sir Robert Levett, and the gentlemen standing round sank on one knee and bowed almost to the ground, crying:—

"Queen of the Wells! Queen of the Wells!"

And Nancy, in her pretty, saucy way, ran and stood beside me, laughing.

"And I am her Majesty's maid of honour. Remember that, gentlemen all!"

"The saucy baggage!" cried Sir Robert.

And Peggy Baker, for whom in this hour of triumph one felt a little pity, came too, with a curtsy and a smile which looked more like a frown.

"Miss Pleydell must accept my homage, too," she said. "We are fortunate in having one so inimitably lovely for our Queen. It makes one wonder where so much beauty could have been hidden."

I suppose she meant this as an innuendo that I was not, therefore, accustomed to such good company. I thought of Fleet Lane and the market, and I laughed aloud.

But Lord Chudleigh was expected to dance with another lady before the ball was opened; and here was another disappointment for poor Peggy, for he led out Nancy, who took his hand with a pride and joy which did one's heart good to look at.

If I had been afraid to raise my eyes, Nancy was not; she looked in my lord's face and laughed; she talked and prattled all the time she was dancing; and she danced as if the music was too slow for her, as if she would fain have been spinning round like a school-girl when she makes cheeses, as if her limbs were springs, as if she would gladly have taken her partner by both hands and run round and round with him as she had so often done with me when we were children together, playing in the meadows beside the Ha'. All the people looked on and laughed and clapped their hands; never was so merry a minuet, if that stately dance could ever be made merry. As for me, I was able to look at his face again, though that was only to begin the punishment of my crime.

What did I remember of him? A tall young man of slender figure; with cheeks red and puffed, a forehead on which the veins stood out ready to burst, a hand that shook, eyes that looked wildly round him; a dreadful, terrible, and shameful memory. But now how changed! As for his features, I hardly recognised them at all. Yet I knew him for the same man.

Go get a cunning limner and painter. Make him draw you a face stamped with some degrading vice, or taken at the moment of committing some grievous sin against the conscience. Suppose, for instance, that the cheeks swell out with gluttony; or let the lips tremble with intemperance; or let the eyes grow keen and hawk-like with gambling; let any vice he pleases be stamped upon that face. Then let him go away and draw that face (which before was dark with sin and marked with the seal of the Devil) as it should be, pure, wise, and noble as God, who hath somewhere laid by the model and type of every created face, intended it to be. You will know it and you will know it not.

The face which I had seen was not the face of a drunkard, but of a drunken man, of a man heavy and stupid with unaccustomed drink. I had always thought of him as of a creature of whose violence (in his cups) I should go in daily terror, when it should please the doctor to take me to my husband. Now that I saw the face again, the spirit of drunkenness gone out of it, it seemed as if the man could never stoop to weakness or folly, so strong were the features, so noble were the eyes. How could such a man, with such a face and such a bearing, go about with such a secret? But perhaps, like me, he did not suffer himself to think about it. For his face was that of David when he was full of his great mission, or of Apollo the sun-god, or of Adonis whom the Syrian women weep, or of Troilus when he believed that Cressida was true.

To be sure, he never thought of the thing at all. He put it behind him as an evil dream: he would take no steps until he wished to be married, when he would instruct his lawyers, and they would break the bonds—which were no true bonds—asunder. If he thought at all, he would think that he was married—if that was indeed a marriage—to some poor unworthy wretch who might be set aside at pleasure: why should his thoughts ever dwell—so I said to myself with jealous bitterness—on the girl who stood before him for ten minutes, her face muffled in a hood, her eyes cast down, who placed a trembling and wicked hand in his and swore to follow his fortunes for better for worse?

Alas, poor Kitty! Her case seemed sad indeed.

Then my lord finished his minuet with Nancy, and other couples advanced into the arena, and the dancing became general. Of course there were nothing but minuets until eight o'clock.

Nancy was merry. She said that her partner was delightful to dance with, partly because he was a lord—and a title, she said, gives an air of grace to any block—partly because he danced well and talked amiably.

"He is a pretty fellow, my dear," she said, "though of position too exalted for one so humble as myself. He had exhausted all his compliments upon the Queen, and had none for a simple maid of honour, which I told him at parting, and it made him blush like a girl. How I love to see a man blush; it is a sign that there is yet left some remains of grace. Perhaps Lord Chudleigh is not so hardened as his fellows. Look at Peggy's languid airs: she thinks a minuet should be danced as if you were going to die the very next minute; and she rolls her eyes about as if she were fainting for a man to kiss her. My dear, Lord Chudleigh, I fear, is above us both; yet he is but a man, and all men are made of tinder, and a woman is the spark. I think he may be on fire before long. Think



LONDON SKETCHES—WAITING TO SEE THE DOCTOR
A STUDY AT THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL DISPENSARY, WELL STREET, LONDON DOCKS

not upon him until you find out how his affections are disposed, and whether he is free. A roving lord, at the watering-places, who is young and handsome, is as dangerous to us poor damsels, and plays as much havoc among our hearts, as Samson when he had got that jawbone among the Philistines. A truly dreadful thing it would be—it was wonderful that she should be saying all this in ignorance, how every word went home—"to set your affections upon a lord, and to find out afterwards that he was pledged to somebody else. Hatel thing she would be!"

While the minuets were dancing we stood and watched the gay throng. Never had I dreamed of anything so gay and animated. There were three hundred people, at least as many men as women, and all dressed in their very best. As for the ladies, it was the fashion when I was a girl for all the ladies to be powdered, but there were many modes of dressing the head. For some wore aigrettes of jewels (who could afford them), some false flowers, and some true flowers, which were pretty and becoming for a young girl; and some had coiffures à la culbute, some en dorlotte, some en papillon, or en vergette, en équivoque, en désespoir, or en tête de mouton. The last was the commonest, in which there were curls all over the back of the head. And there were French curls, which looked something like eggs strung on a wire round the head, and Italian curls or scallop-shells. The petticoats were ornamented with falbalas and pretentailles; most ladies wore criardes, and all had hoops, but some wore hoops en couple and some small hoops, and some looked like a state-bed on castors, and as if they had robbed the valance for the skirt and the tester for the trimmings. But there is no end to the changes of fashion. As for the gentlemen, their vanities were mostly in the wig, for though the full wig was now gone out of fashion, having given place to the neat and elegant tie-wig with a broad black ribbon and a little bag, or a queue, yet there were not wanting the full-bottom periwig, the large flowing grizzle, and the great wig with three tails. And every kind of face, the vacant, the foolish, the sensual, the envious, the eager, the pert, the dignified, the brave, the anxious, the confident—but none so noble as that face of my lord.

"Is our Queen meditating?"
I started, for he was beside me.
"It is my first ball," I said, "and I am wondering at the pretty sight of so many happy and merry people."
"Their merriment I grant," he replied. "As for their happiness, we had better perhaps agree to take that for granted."
"I suppose we all agree to give ourselves up to the pleasures of the hour," I said. "Can we not be happy, even if we have a care which we try to hide?"
"I hope, at least," he said, "that Miss Pleydell has no cares."

I shook my head, thinking how, if all hearts were opened and all secrets known, there would be wailing instead of laughter, and my lord and myself would start asunder with shame on my part and loathing on his.

"Yes," he said; "an assembly of people to please and to be pleased is a charming sight. For a time we live in an atmosphere of ease and contentment, and bask at the feet of the Queen of Hearts!"

"Oh, my lord!" I said, "do not pay me compliments. I am only used to plain truth."

"Surely that is the honest truth," he said. "To be Queen of the Wells is nothing, but to be the Queen of Hearts is everything."

"Nay, then," I returned, blushing, "I see I must put myself under the protection of Mr. Walsingham."

The old beau was hovering round, and gave me his hand with a great air of happiness.

"From me," he said, "Miss Pleydell knows that she will hear nothing but truth. The language of gallantry with a beautiful woman is pure truth."

It was eight o'clock, and country dances began. I danced one with Lord Chudleigh and one with some gentleman of Essex, whose name I forget. But I remember that next day he offered me, by letter, his hand, and eight hundred pounds a year. At nine we had tea and chocolate. Then more country dances, in which my Nancy danced with such enjoyment and happiness as made Sir Robert clap his hands and laugh aloud.

At eleven all was over, mantles, hoods, and capuchins were donned, and we walked home to our lodgings, escorted by the gentlemen. The last face I saw as we entered the house was that of my lord as he bowed farewell.

Cicely was waiting to receive us.

"Oh, madam!" she cried, "I was looking through the door when my lord took out miss for the minuet. Oh! oh! oh! how beautiful! how grand she did it! Sure never was such a handsome pair."

"My dear," said Mrs. Esther to me, when Cicely had left us, "I believe there never was known so great a success for a first appearance. There is no doubt you are the reigning Toast of the season, child. Well, enjoy when you can, and be not spoiled by flattery, Kitty, which is vanity. Such a face, they all declare, such a figure, such eyes, such a carriage, were never before seen at Epsom. Beware of flatterers, my dear. Where did you get such graces from? Pay no heed to the compliments of the men, child. Sure, it is the prettiest creature ever formed. They would turn thy head, my dear."

In the middle of the night I awoke from an uneasy dream. I thought that I was dancing with my lord before all the people at the assembly: they applauded loudly, and I heard them whispering, "What a noble pair! Sure Heaven hath made them for each other!" Then suddenly Peggy Baker burst through the crowd, leading by the hand my uncle, and crying: "Lord Chudleigh, I congratulate you upon your marriage! Your bride is with you, and here is the Chaplain of the Fleet, who made you happy." Then the people laughed and hissed; the doctor lifted his great forefinger and shook it at my lord; I saw his face change from love to disgust, and with a cry I hid my shameful cheeks in my hands and fled the place.

The waking was no better than the dreaming. The husband whom I had almost forgotten, and whom to remember gave me no more than a passing pang, was here, with me, in the same town. What was I to do—how treat him—in what words to tell him, if I must tell him, the dreadful, the humiliating truth?

Or, again—a thought which pierced my breast like a knife—suppose I were condemned to see him, with my own eyes, falling in love, step by step, with another woman; suppose that I were punished by perceiving that my humble and homely charms would not fix, though they might attract for a single night, his wandering eyes; oh! how could I look on in silence, and endure without a word the worst that a woman can suffer! Ah! happy Esther, whom the king loved above all women, so that he set the royal crown upon her head!

The day broke while I was lying tortured by these dreadful suspicions and fears. My window looked towards the east: I rose, opened the casement, and let in the fresh morning air. The Downs rose beyond the house with deep heavy woods of elm and birch. There were already the movement and stir of life which begins with the early dawn: it is as if the wings of the birds were shaking as their pretty owners dream before they wake: as if the insects on the leaves were all together exhorting each other to fly about and enjoy the morning sun, because, haply, life being so uncertain and the insect tribe, and birds so numerous, that hour might be their last: as if the creatures of the underwood, the rabbits, the hares, weasels, ferrets, snakes, and the rest, were moving in their beds,

and rustling the dry leaves on which they lie. Over the tree-tops the spread broader and broader the red glow of the morning: the sounds of life grew more distinct: and the great sun sprang up. Then I heard a late-singing thrush break into his sweet song, which means a morning hymn of content. The other birds had mostly done their singing long before July: but near him there sang a turtle with a gentle coo which seemed to say that she had got all she wanted or could look for in life, and was happy. Truly, not the spacious firmament on high alone, but all created things do continually teach man to laud, praise, and glorify the name of the great Creator. "Whoso," says the Psalmist, "is wise and will observe these things"—but alas for our foolishness! I looked, and drank the sweetness of the air, and felt the warmth of the sun, but I thought of nothing but my husband—mine, and yet not mine, nor could he ever be mine save for such confession and shame as made my heart sick to think of. To be already in love with a man whom one had seen but twice! Was it not a shame? Yet such a man! and he was already vowed to me and I to him—although he knew it not: and, although in a secret, shameful way, the holy Church had made us one, so that, as the service hath it, God Himself had bound us together. To be in love already! Oh, Kitty! Kitty!

There is a chapter in the Song of Solomon which is, as learned men tell us, written "of Christ and His Church," the poet speaking in such an allegory that, to all but the most spiritual-minded, he seemeth to speak of the simple love of a man and a maid. And surely it may be read without sin by either man or maid in love. "I am," she says, "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. . . . My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

When I had read that chapter and dried my weeping eyes, and perhaps prayed awhile, I lay down upon my bed again, and slept till Cicely came at seven and called me up to dress and walk abroad.

(To be continued).



OF the fourth volume of "A Popular History of the United States" (Sampson Low and Co.) more than half is taken up with the Federal War, and the struggle, dating from the Monroe Administration in 1818, which inevitably led to it. In apologising for this seeming want of proportion, Mr. Gay points out that this conflict, in which aggression and submission grew *pari passu* till the former became unbearable, makes the real history of the country. It is rather startling that the very next chapter to that which describes the battle of Plattsburg and the defence of New Orleans should unveil that deadly quarrel, financial more than sentimental, which nearly fifty years after had to be fought out to the end. One great change happened during the interval. In 1816, the South, anxious to encourage home-made fabrics and to punish us for our differential duty on cotton, was violently Protectionist, while New England, great in the carrying trade, hated Protection. South Carolina nearly seceded in 1832; and this attempt so frightened the Northerners that thenceforth Boston mayors and Washington officials vied with one another in abject condoning of outrages and general cringing to the South. The Postmaster-General authorised the Charleston Post Office to search the mails for anti-slavery literature; the "Atherton gag" prevented any petitions about slavery from being laid before the House. The surrender of Anthony Burns in 1854 is certainly "the deepest humiliation of Massachusetts." Mr. Gay says, we think, too little about that commercial opposition between the now-exporting South and manufacturing North which no doubt hastened on the contest; but his history of the war is clear and lively, though we hope we may discount something from his pictures of "rebel atrocities." The time is not yet come, he believes, for making such a history exhaustive; yet, already, a legend is gathering round it. "Sheridan's ride," for instance,—one of the very numerous illustrations,—is as mythical as "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" in the well-known but utterly unhistoric picture. The illustrations, by the way, are on the whole good; they give us everything, from the ugly "Franklin penny" to the desolation wrought by Sherman. Sherman's conduct finds a parallel, eighty-five years before, in "Sullivan's raid" on the Indian villages in central New York, &c. This was the real death-blow to the red men. They had thousands of fruit-trees, hundreds of cultivated acres, scores of well-arranged villages. All this was destroyed; "in one orchard alone 1,500 peach-trees were cut down." The surviving remnant mostly perished through the unusual severity of the next winter; while we, who had egged on these wretched Indians, left them to their fate. Mr. Gay is very fair in his account of the close of the War of Independence, giving Majoribanks full credit for his skill and bravery at Eutaw Springs, and showing how greatly Lord Cornwallis's surrender was due to the French fleet and army. If Graves had been a Nelson, De Grasse would never have got into Chesapeake Bay. The whole work reflects much credit on all who had a hand in it. Henceforth there is no excuse for that ignorance of American history which is so common among us.

Captain A. B. Ellis has a real grievance. The officers of the West India regiments get no addition to their pay for service on the West African coast, in what from his experience and his very graphic descriptions seems the worst climate in the world; while for India, where military life is so often most enjoyable, the extra pay is on a most liberal scale. How, after being down, over and over again, with a fever which follows its victim to England, he managed to write such a lively book we cannot tell. It must be the reaction after his sickness at Secondee, where he, the sole European, had to wait twelve days for a doctor. This, perhaps, accounts for the too-elaborate jokes in the closing chapter, a decided falling off from the rest of the book. Captain Ellis does not believe in missionaries; they are either headstrong enthusiasts or men intent on gain. Of native teachers he gives pictures which we trust represent only a very small minority: one of them has three wives; another sits down uninvited to the Captain's dinner, gets beastly drunk on his rum, and then threatens to "shettle" him for "grosh insult." This choice specimen had been educated at the Sierra Leone College. All natives have a weakness for liquor; but, speaking of an orgie at which the calabash was fairly passed round, Captain Ellis remarks: "From this fairness it was evident they were all heathens. A Christian negro would have emptied it with a sublime indifference to the wants or wishes of the rest." The Captain fails to solve the mystery of "aggy beads," or to satisfactorily define fetish; but he is right in advising visitors to Sierra Leone never to hit a black man, no matter how provoking he may be. Just now his opinion that the Ashantee war might have been prevented had our "hundred trained Houssas" been allowed to join the Fantis, is worth considering. It is also matter for serious thought whether English traders ought to be able during the next little war to supply natives with ammunition by the simple device of landing their cargoes in French or Portuguese waters. From these hints we see that "West African Sketches" (Tinsley) contain serious matter along with the fun which makes the book a pleasing contrast to so many works about Africa.

An International Scientific Series was a very happy thought; and the new volume, "Physiology of Muscles and Nerves" (Kegan Paul), is quite up to the level of its predecessors. Dr. Rosenthal hails from Erlangen, which refuge of Edict of Nantes Frenchmen has an University about as big as a larger Oxford College. However, as Du Bois Reymond's favourite pupil he has a right to speak with authority on all connected with muscles, including the *anæmia* in our blood; the action of electricity on animal tissues; the "muscle-telegraph," and Reymond's other apparatus for studying muscle-extension. The source of muscle-force he pronounces to be not the combustion of albuminous bodies but of carbon. Therefore non-nitrogenous food (despite the greater muscular power of the English compared with the French peasant) is the best for doing hard work upon. The book is valuable to the specialist, and full of interest for the general reader.

If sorrow can be soothed by reading what people of all views have written about it in all its different aspects, then the "Treasure Book of Consolation" (Jupp and Co.) is to be recommended to all mourners. Spurgeon, Browning, Miss Rossetti, James Hinton of "the Mystery of Pain," Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Cumming, and scores of famous and unknown writers have been laid under contribution to fill Mr. B. Orme's 430 small-print pages. Get your mourner to begin reading the book, and keep him at it, and his mind will perforce be unable to prey on itself. The book shows a vast amount of reading; but for our part we think the recently noticed "Selections from Kingsley" more practical. As a collection of prose and poetical pieces on the subject of sorrow and its consolations, the book deserves praise; but the real mourner will scarcely care for Waller on "Old Age" or Lord Vaux on "Grey Hairs."



NOTHING can be simpler than the story out of which Mrs. Leith Adams has woven the entire plot of "Aunt Hepsy's Foundling" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall). A baby is left at a chance threshold, grows up under the care of a quaint and kindly old maid into a charming girl, gives her heart to a man who, having won it, threw his prize away as soon as it seemed likely to be a little troublesome, and ends with a happy marriage to an older friend and truer lover. This is all: nor has Mrs. Adams even condescended to please the conventional tastes of the novel-reader by making her heroine turn out to be anything higher in the world than simply "Aunt Hepsy's Foundling." But it is just the simplest stories that contain the widest and deepest elements of interest, so long as they fall into hands that know how to deal with them; and this is the case with "Aunt Hepsy's Foundling" to a remarkable degree. The scene is laid in the fresh and unfamiliar atmosphere of a primitive and out-of-the-world village of New Brunswick, with its glorious winters, and its little group of people forming a whole world among themselves. Many of these are not altogether fresh acquaintances, but all have enough character about them to enable us to see old friends with new eyes. But some of them are original in conception as well as in style of portraiture. Mr. Brabazon, the young English subaltern with the three dogs, for example, is excellent as a humorous study. We doubt, however, if a young man of his supposed intellectual calibre would have hit upon so really happy a thought as to distinguish "the most intolerable" of his three pets by the title of Lord Brougham. But Mrs. Adams always uses her skill as a quiet humourist in order to strengthen the effect of the many scenes of simple and homely pathos in which her novel abounds. Her pictures of nature are especially admirable. They are never obtrusive and never spun out, and are full of little touches of poetry, seemingly accidental or spontaneous, which may very likely escape a hasty reader, but which do their full share in adding to the effect of the whole. Such is the passing mention of "branches whose very shade was odorous." In the matter of style Mrs. Adams appears to have improved. There are decidedly fewer slips than usual; though she ought to learn the special meaning of the term "of that ilk," and that "sea-board" is not the way to spell "seaboard." Her worst trick is the persistent use of this form of sentence—"He was glad, was Froste," "She had been upon a pilgrimage, had Aunt Hepsy's Foundling." This looks less like grammar than an affectation of being unaffected. But such faults are easily pardoned. The merits of the novel are too great to be easily praised.

"Mademoiselle de Mersac" was a novel of such unusual excellence that possibly our expectations of what should next come from the pen of the author, who now signs herself, or herself, W. E. Norris on the title page of "Matrimony" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), were pitched a little too high. But it constantly, indeed usually, happens that a second novel is below the level of both the first and the third pen. So, while feeling expectation a little disappointed, there is no reason against still maintaining it with a view to the future. In any case, "Matrimony" is to be judged by a higher standard than novels in general—its merits are to be more assumed as a matter of course, and its shortcomings held less excusable. The principal fault, so far as general interest is concerned, is that the story is of no particular merit in itself, and is ill put together. For example, at least half the central situation is made to turn upon a wife's allowing her husband to think her unfaithful to him when a single word would have made matters straight, and when there was absolutely no reason why that word should not have been spoken. But no faults of construction deprive the novel of the interest due to its strength and polish of style, and to its portraiture of exceptional kinds of character. The secretly tender-hearted cynic, for instance, is very far indeed from being a stranger in fiction. Yet in Mr. Gervais we have a specimen of the type so new in his way that the experienced reader will have to follow him to the end before understanding him, much less seeing through him. Most of the subordinate characters also are excellent in their degree. Mrs. Knowles, an elderly lady who always speaks her mind, is another somewhat old acquaintance, but she nevertheless has many amusingly original peculiarities of her own. On the whole, though somewhat a failure as compared with its predecessor, "Matrimony" must, taken without reference to "Mademoiselle de Mersac," be pronounced a very good novel within the limits which we have endeavoured to mark out. Weak and deficient in construction, it is excellent in portraiture of character and in style.

Why Theo. Gift should have called her heroine "A Matter-of-Fact Girl" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.) we hardly know; but she might with great justice call her a very bright and pleasant one. Matter-of-factness should imply a great many qualities wholly inconsistent with Berrie Brown's rather untamed and impulsive nature. The novel, like its heroine, is pleasant and bright, so far as it goes—which is certainly not very far. The general situation is odd, without being particularly interesting. It is a sort of game at hide-and-seek between two lovers, one of whom always unfortunately happens to be engaged, or half engaged, to somebody else when the other chances to be free. A really matter-of-fact girl would have cut the whole string of most un-Gordian knots with perfect ease. However, though more by luck than good management, things right themselves at last, and he and she for once find one another free at precisely the same time. There are some rather good conversational scenes of a quiet kind scattered about, of which one at least, where Berrie discovers her lover to be a hero, would make good business for the stage.

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VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore it every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restoratives." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

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GLYKALINE, THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory Affections.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves all disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in the winter months of Diphtheria, and unfavourably clears the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKALINE is unparelleled.

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"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the valuable property of curing cold in the head. The man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh of the nose, throat, and chest, and found the longed-for remedy. Before night, I was cured. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE. The unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. I, myself, have known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer boon on the suffering human race."

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NEURALINE is recognised as a reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and corresponding disorders. It relieves INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted.

NEURALINE never fails to give relief. It is in demand throughout the world as a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-house, Island of Lewis, N.B.: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated directions with each.

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AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps, Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the influence of exposure. It renders the surface of the skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, while in no degree impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE, A LIQUID DENTIFRICE, The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums.

This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, guards them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and hardens the Gums, while benefiting far colour, as an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent. The Dentifrice is widely esteemed and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

BERBERINE, FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS. A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the Stomach, promotes its healthy action, removing Dulness, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Pains in the Back, while against Indigestion and concomitant evils it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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ODONTALGIC ESSENCE FOR THE TEETH. Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the exposed nerves from cold, and forestalls the subsequent crumblings, which, without security and ease, causes no inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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These powders are applicable to both Children and Adults. They are very effective in expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds (known as Ascarides) which are the pests of infants. Intestinal worms of larger dimensions are got rid of by the use of these Powders with remarkable facility, and the efficacy of the preparation (CHENOPodium ANTHELMINTICUM) being quite unquestionable. While the appetite and general health are improved, together with tone to the system, the Powders create no nausea, and are in no way dangerous. Directions with each box. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, free.

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This reliable Specific possesses numerous important features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system, relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits, and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain-weakness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each bottle. 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

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This specially-useful and very beautiful preparation by its moderate price and intrinsic value has already become a favourite in popular and fashionable circles. It purifies and softens the skin, removes Roughness, prevents Chaps and the effects of exposure, is delightful to use and of beautiful appearance. DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP is sold in Tablets, 3d., 4d., and 6d. each; in Bars, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; in Shaving, 1s. 6d. each; and in Boxes, 6d., 9d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each. All Chemists, and by

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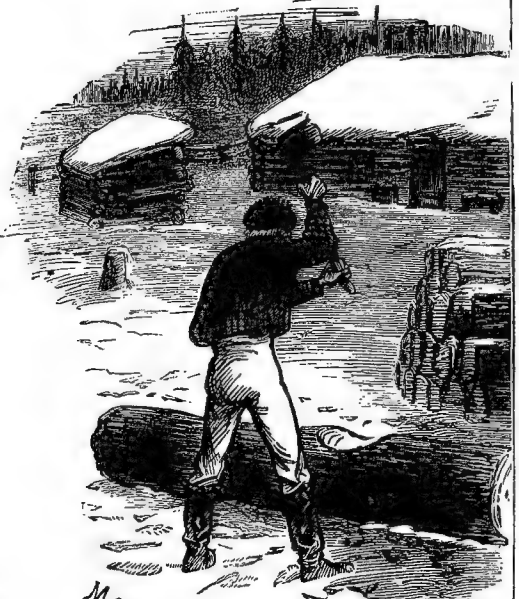
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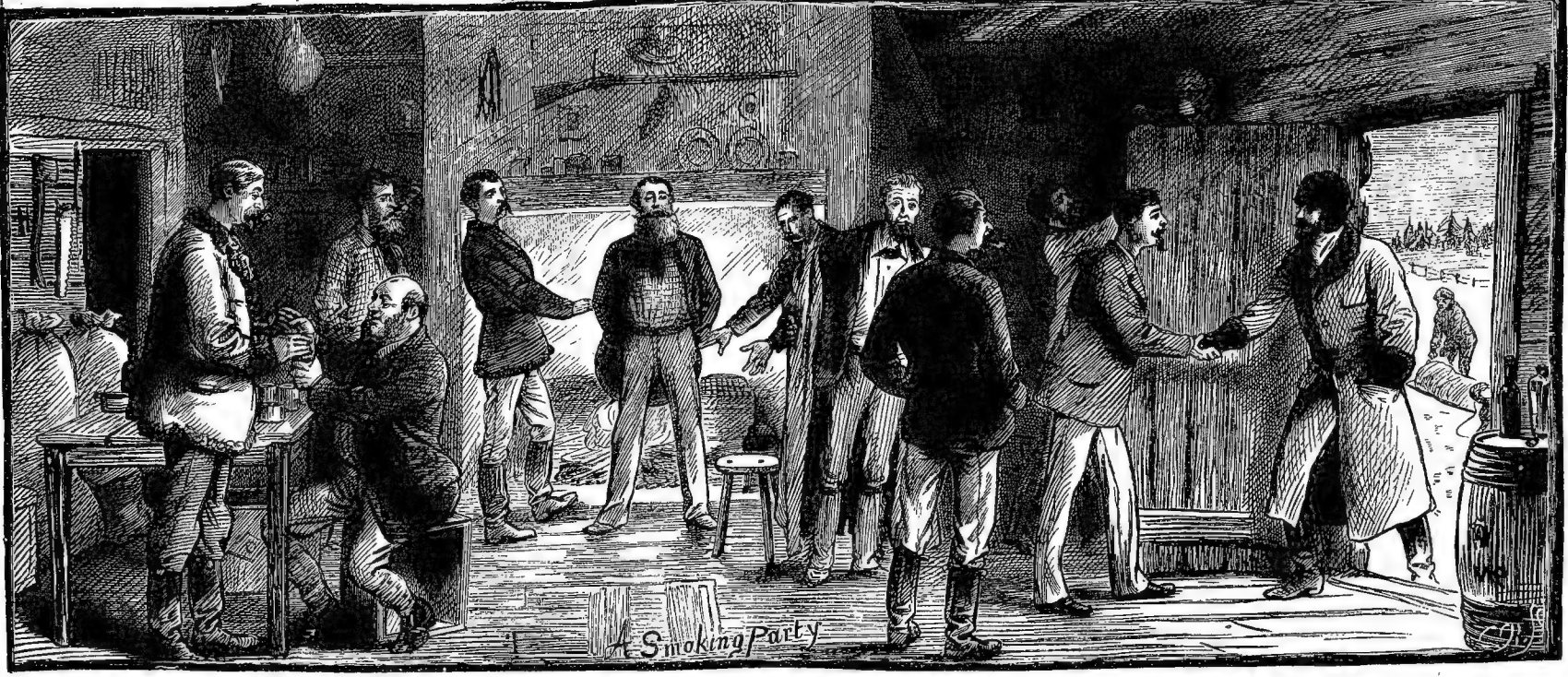
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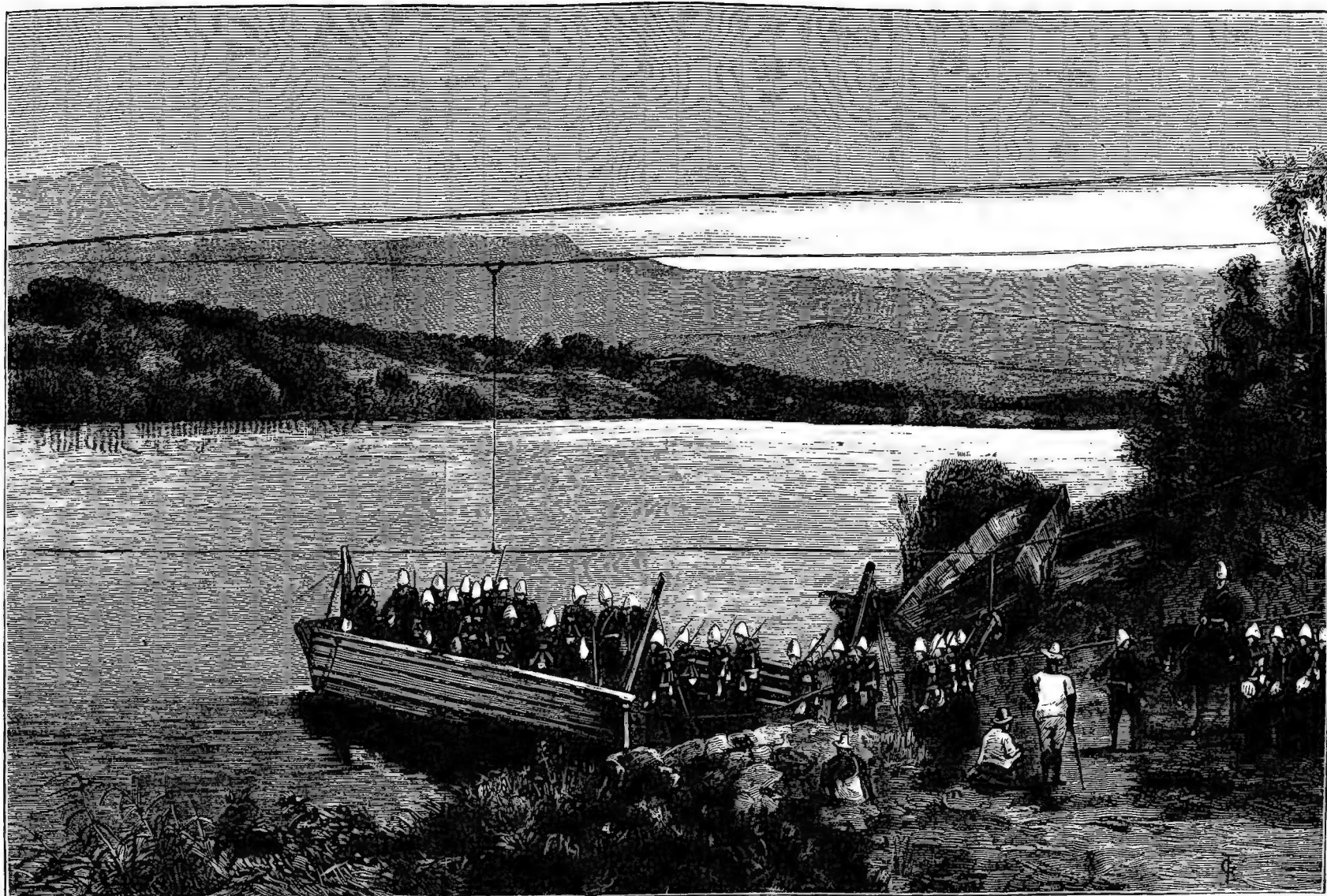
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A Smoking Party



THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL—TUGELA FERRY ON THE ROAD TO THE BIGGARSBERG



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN ENGLAND—COMBERMERE ABBEY, CHESHIRE, WHERE HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY IS NOW STAYING



THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.—The Ambassadors on Monday presented the Notes of their respective Governments in reply to the Porte's recent proposal to reopen negotiations. Although identical in sense the documents differ slightly in form, and were presented separately, while they simply state the readiness of each Power to enter into negotiations, suggesting that the Porte should furnish a basis, and taking cognizance of Turkey's declaration that she will remain on the defensive. While awaiting the reply the Ambassadors are conferring respecting a frontier line, and from all accounts the Powers seem fairly of one mind, an impression strengthened by the prompt action of Monday. Thus it is hoped that the negotiations will be of a brisker character than usual with Turkey, for Germany's action in taking the initiative is expected to carry great weight with the Sultan, more particularly as Abdul Hamid's conciliatory dispositions have developed considerably since the British Ambassador's arrival. Still secrecy is so well kept in the whole affair that little positive information has leaked out. At all events Turkey holds firmly to Janina, Metzovo, and Prevesa, though apparently willing to cede Thessaly, Crete, and an increased portion of Epirus. GREECE is equally anxious to obtain Prevesa, and this point will probably form one of the chief bones of contention. The Greek Government has now sent a Note to the Powers, asking to be admitted to the present negotiations, as otherwise it must make reservations to any of the resolutions taken. This, however, is merely a step to mark the Greek position in the matter, as the Government hardly expect to be represented in informal proceedings like the present.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding hints from the Powers to avoid any movement of a hostile character during the negotiations, both countries are as persistent as ever in preparing for war. 50,000 Turkish troops are stated to hold Thessaly and Epirus, and it is intended to increase the number to 110,000. In their turn the Greeks are steadily calling out the reserves, have decided to permit foreigners, if naturalised, to serve in the army, and are growing more hopeful of the Powers' support of their cause. After the recent debate in the French Chamber, however, they must see that France no longer feels the warm interest of some time back.

FRANCE.—M. Gambetta has at last been roused to deny the secret influence in Government affairs of which he has been persistently accused since the Cherbourg episode of last autumn. His vigorous denial was quite unexpected, and resulted from an interpellation respecting the Government's intention to furnish officers and 30,000 rifles to Greece, which was revealed in Mr. Corbett's letters in the British Blue Book, and yet was not mentioned by the French Yellow Books, the news thus causing considerable sensation. M. Ferry explained that the arms sold were only those out of date, and that their export was prohibited as soon as their true destination was known. M. Pascal Duprat, however, was not satisfied, and so pointedly referred to M. Gambetta that the latter could no longer keep silence. He declared that he had never sought to influence the Government, that such accusations were mere fables, and that the strenuous efforts to represent him as advocating a warlike policy were mere electioneering manoeuvre. The chief point, however, was M. Gambetta's remarkably distinct hint that he was prepared to take office after the coming elections; so that this speech, apart from its eloquence, has completely absorbed public attention. The arms question again came before the Chamber on Tuesday, when a proposition to appoint a Committee of Inquiry was defeated. The Duc de Broglie, however, intended to interpellate the Senate on Thursday. Other political affairs have fallen into the shade, only a faint interest being shown in the discussion, by the Senate, of the Customs' Tariff Bill, remarkable for M. Pouyer-Quertier's energetic Protectionist tirades, and M. Léon Say's descent from the Presidential chair to refute the former's doctrines. The *scrutin de liste* question has been "taken into consideration," a stage equivalent to our first reading, and will be discussed later in the Session. On the success of this measure depends a great deal of M. Gambetta's future influence. Intending Bonapartist converts to the Republican cause will not be encouraged by the example of M. Fugue de la Fauconnerie, who on changing his opinion gave up his seat, and has now been defeated at a new election.

Mr. Parnell's late visit to Paris has certainly alienated much French sympathy from the Irish cause. Moderate journals are severe on the Irish leader, and the Clerical organs are very bitter at his fraternising with Communists and M. Victor Hugo; while, in their turn, his Radical sympathisers condemn the police espionage to which Mr. Parnell was subjected. *Apropos* of M. Hugo, Paris is preparing great festivities to celebrate the aged poet's eightieth birthday to-morrow (Sunday), with deputations, addresses, presents, &c., besides representations of his dramatic works. After the novelties of last week, theatrical circles are quiet, the only items of interest being an odd interpretation of the old legend in *Phryne*, by M. Meilhac, a "mother-in-law piece," *L'Alouette*, by MM. Gouinot and Wolff, at the Gymnase, and a very weak parody, *Oh, Nana!* by MM. Depré and Clairville at the Nouveautés.—There is a capital fat cattle show now being held, at which the English and American farm machinery is particularly good.—The well-known chocolate manufacturer, M. Menier, has died at the age of fifty-five; and there have been some destructive avalanches in Savoy, causing great loss of life.

GERMANY.—There has been an apparent difference of opinion between Prince Bismarck and the Minister of the Interior, Count Eulenburg, which has created considerable excitement. The latter supported some alterations in a Bill regulating the power of provincial authorities, and Prince Bismarck being ill, sent a representative, who incautiously read a full confidential statement on the subject, which opposed his colleague's views in the most peremptory manner. Count Eulenburg immediately resigned, and next day Prince Bismarck appeared himself to explain that his commissary had "mistaken his instructions," and that no difference of importance existed in the Cabinet, supporting his assertions by voting for the obnoxious alterations. Whether the affair was really a mistake, or whether the commissary is being used as a scapegoat, is much canvassed, rumours of Ministerial dissension having been prevalent for some time. Meanwhile, Count Eulenburg refuses to be pacified, although the difficulty will probably be tidied over until after the Royal marriage festivities this week, which are under his direction. Should he maintain his resignation, he will probably be succeeded by Herr von Puttkammer, Minister of Public Worship. Prince Bismarck has also been quarrelling with his former finance Minister, Herr Camphausen, on the income-tax question, which has finally been carried to the Prince's own satisfaction, thus freeing the lower classes from the tax.

The Munich Carnival has been saddened by a terrible accident. At an artists' fancy ball one of the painters dressed as an Esquimaux caught fire, and the flames communicating themselves to his friends in similar attire, eight lost their lives, and several others received serious injuries. Fire, too, has destroyed the Synagogue at New Stettin. This, however, is attributed to incendiarism, as it followed close on an enthusiastic anti-Jewish meeting.

RUSSIA.—There is little stirring at home save the arrest of a Socialist, supposed to be one of the murderers of General Mezentzoff.

and an ineffectual attempt to raise a riot at a University Festival. Much satisfaction is felt at the news from Central Asia, whence General Skobeleff reports that the country is growing quiet, and the families are rapidly returning round Geok Tepé. An amnesty has been proclaimed, and the poor are being fed with the provisions captured from the Tekkes. A reconnoitring expedition into the Sand Desert has received the submission of some 15,000 of the inhabitants, who have migrated to an oasis on the Russian line of march. The troops have now moved back to Askabad, leaving two strong forts behind them, and General Skobeleff is said to have given up his intended return home.—The treaty between Russia and China will be ready for signature in about a week, and will then be taken to Peking for ratification.

INDIA has been greatly excited by the publication of the Cabul papers, the general opinion being that they perfectly justify the late declaration of war with Afghanistan. The anxiety to retain Candahar has thus been greatly strengthened, and most British residents now consider that to abandon the city would be to make Afghanistan a theatre of Russian intrigue. In Candahar itself preparations are being made for the British departure, which will probably take place before the middle of March or April. If delayed to May the heat will be too great to enable the troops to return to India, and they will have to stay at Metta or Pishin. Already some native families are leaving Candahar, but the majority will wait until it is decided whether Abdurrahman or Ayoo Khan will provide the next Governor, as in the latter case they fear Ayoo's vengeance. Meanwhile the people of the outlying districts refuse to pay taxes lest they should have to hand them out again to their new masters. Ayoo appears to be still in Herat, where he has driven away many of the chief merchants by his persecutions. Accounts from Cabul report Abdurrahman to be in great financial troubles, and also unable to maintain authority outside the capital, while it is said that he has sent a force to Ghuzni. He will not visit India, but sends an Envoy.

Returning to India Proper, the census, considerably modified out of regard for the native's feelings, has been taken in the disturbed Sonthal districts without any trouble. The late disturbances have been traced to the spread of a species of Home Rule movement, Kherwarism, which probably originated in rent troubles and taxation.—Seventeen of the prisoners of the Kolapore conspiracy case have been found guilty and two acquitted.

UNITED STATES.—Political circles are entirely occupied with the formation of the coming Presidential Cabinet. General Garfield, however, keeps his intentions secret, although it seems pretty well known that Mr. Blaine will be Foreign Minister. The General comes to Washington next week. The Democrats are preparing a free trade campaign, which they intend to make a prominent feature of the next Presidential election.—Numerous meetings have been held to sympathise with Mr. Parnell and the Land League, but the former has given serious umbrage to the Irish Catholics in the States by his alliance with the French Communists.—A treaty has been signed with Columbia to enforce the neutrality of the Panama Isthmus.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—Sir Evelyn Wood joined Sir G. Colley early last week, having made an unusually rapid march from Ladysmith, perfectly unmolested. The Boers, who were occasionally seen in large bodies along the road, had planned an attack, but the General out-manceuvred them at the Ingagane River, and arrived at Newcastle with his cattle in first-rate condition, although his men were somewhat fatigued by the plan of alternately marching and "out-spanning" for four hours. While the troops were resting Sir Evelyn and a small party made a reconnoissance to within ten miles of Wakkerstroom, meeting with no signs of Boers anywhere. Wakkerstroom had telegraphed that it was completely surrounded, and could only last till the 23rd; but a messenger who arrived from thence on Tuesday reported that the garrison had successfully repulsed an attack on the 20th, and had three weeks' provisions. To make up for their inaction the Boers are steadily preparing to receive the expected attack, have fortified the heights at Laing's Nek, where they have two guns, and have fired on the vedettes at Mount Prospect, where a column has gone in support. Sir Evelyn Wood has returned to Pietermaritzburg to meet the advancing reinforcements, but the advance column has already started towards Laing's Nek, reaching Schain's Hoogte without opposition. Probably the attack will not take place for several days until the reinforcements have moved up. The troops will most likely be divided into two columns, General Colley directly attacking Laing's Nek, and General Wood turning the position *via* Wakkerstroom, the whole force amounting to 3,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and eighteen guns. The troops are in capital condition and spirits. The general opinion is averse to any conclusion of peace before the British have inflicted a serious defeat on the Boers, but efforts at peace negotiations have already been made. Through President Brand of the Orange Free State the Boer Triumvirate have made overtures to General Colley, to which the latter is said to have replied that if the Transvaal garrisons are left unmolested, and hostilities suspended, Commissioners will be appointed to discuss an arrangement. It seems unlikely, however, that the Boers will be easily contented, as Vice-President Krüger declares to the Free State Volksraad that Africa must gain independence—"Africa for the Africander, from the Zambesi to Simon's Bay." The Free State Volksraad are busy debating whether they shall maintain a neutral attitude.—Hostilities have been suspended in BASUTOLAND, an armistice being granted from the 18th to the 24th inst. Previously, however, Colonel Carrington captured a strong position near Morija, and defeated a force 3,000 strong.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the Pope has delivered an allocution thanking the Cardinals for their congratulations on the anniversary of his election, in which he laments the present condition of the Church, and announces an extraordinary jubilee this year to pray for better times.—SWITZERLAND has chosen M. Numa Droz, of Neuchâtel, for her new President.—AUSTRIA is delighted with M. Gambetta's speech, and is lauding the French orator, who is regarded in Vienna as a promising rival to Prince Bismarck.—The outbreak of hostilities with ASHANTEE is momentarily expected, as on Sunday the Ashantees were only three days' march from Cape Coast Castle. Much excitement prevails in the Colony, where 350 British have been sent from Sierra Leone, and 100 from Lagos. The King of Ashantee's uncle states that his nephew has long been preparing for war, and can put 90,000 men in the field.



THE QUEEN has spent a few days in town this week to hold the first Drawing Room of the season. Before leaving Windsor Her Majesty on Saturday was visited by Princess Christian previous to her departure for Germany, and received the Earl of Fife, who delivered up the Gold Stick of Office as Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. The Queen subsequently presented the Gold Stick to the Marquis of Huntly, who kissed hands on his appointment. The Earl of Fife dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Dr. Vaughan preached, and in the evening Lady and Miss Biddulph dined with Her Majesty. Princess Christian's two daughters, Princesses Victoria

and Louise, lunched with the Queen on Monday, and Her Majesty gave audience to the Duke of Buckingham on his return from Madras. The Duke, Lady Mary Grenville, and other guests joined the Royal party at dinner, and next day the Prince of Wales lunched with the Queen. On Thursday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice came up to Buckingham Palace, and to-day (Saturday) they return to Windsor. The Queen will give a banquet at Windsor, on Monday, to celebrate the wedding of Prince William. Her Majesty has sent messages of sympathy to the relatives of the chief officers killed in the Transvaal, and has telegraphed to General Colley congratulating him on the bravery of his troops.

The Prince and Princess of Wales dined with Earl and Countess Spencer on Saturday, and next morning attended Divine service with their daughters. Sunday being the fourteenth birthday of the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess, the anniversary was kept on Monday, when there was an afternoon gathering at Marlborough House of thirty children of the various branches of the Royal Family, before whom the American Midgents appeared. The Prince of Wales held a Lèvee at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen, at which the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught were present, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Strand Theatre. On Wednesday they visited the Show of the English Cart-Horse Society at the Agricultural Hall and gave a dinner-party. Next evening the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh left for Berlin, where they stay about ten days, the Prince returning in time for the ball at Marlborough House on his wedding day, March 10. During his absence the Princess and daughters will visit the Queen.

Prince Christian left London for Berlin on Saturday.—Princess Beatrice will probably present new colours to the 66th Regiment, just returned from Afghanistan.

The wedding of Prince William of Germany takes place to-morrow (Sunday) at the Berlin Schloss. We have already given the programme of the festivities, but may add that the bridegroom holds one of the most modest positions in the army in which a Prussian Prince has yet been married—he is only a Captain. The wedding present of the ninety-three Prussian cities will consist of a costly silver table service, the centre piece supporting 200 candelabra.—Prince Rudolph of Austria's marriage is definitely fixed for May. The maidens of Prague are embroidering a splendid handkerchief for the Princess Stephanie, while Agram will offer her a jewelled diadem. Prince Rudolph has had a most enthusiastic reception at Alexandria.—The Empress of Austria was out with the hounds the day after her arrival, as well as the two following days. On Monday she tried the training ground laid out for her stud, and on Tuesday was prevented from hunting by the snow.—The Queen of Sweden came up to town from Bournemouth on Wednesday, and next day visited the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales.



"WHAT DO THE RITUALISTS WANT?"—The Hon. C. L. Wood, in his annual letter to the members of the English Church Union, makes a series of suggestions in reply to this question, which was recently put by the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Let Convocation," he says, "be restored to its rightful position of supremacy. Let the Episcopal and Provincial Courts be so reformed that all proceedings in them shall be cheap and expeditious, and be conducted under the direct authority of the Bishops and Archbishops. Let the Upper Houses of both Convocations, after conferring with the Lower Houses, be made the final judges in all matters affecting doctrine and discipline. What we desire is that the Episcopate, and not the Privy Council, shall be ultimately responsible for the government of the Church. We do not desire disestablishment, but it is possible to pay too heavy a price for existing advantages. If it should be found impracticable at the present moment to remodel the courts now claiming to have cognisance of spiritual causes, why should not the members of the Episcopate, acting on their own inherent authority, make arrangements by which the ritual prescribed by the Ornaments Rubric should be permitted at celebrations of Holy Communion before eleven o'clock. We cannot recognise the authority of the Privy Council; we cannot sacrifice the plain meaning of the Ornaments Rubric; but, within these limits, surely it might still be possible for a wise ruler, who realised the situation, and who had the courage to act up to his convictions, to find a solution that would practically give peace to the Church."

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN has just replied to a memorial from the Diocesan Conference, and other communicants of the Church in the diocese, expressing the opinion that the present Court of Final Appeal is constituted in a manner consistent neither with the Divine constitution of the Church, nor with the constitutional relationship which exists between the Church and State in this realm. After mentioning that since he has been connected with the diocese no case has occurred in it as to either doctrine or ritual which has called for a resort to an Ecclesiastical Court, he says that if any such case should arise he would endeavour to settle it by the paternal exercise of that authority which is inherent in the episcopal office.

MR. MACKONCHIE'S FINAL APPEAL came before the House of Lords on Friday last week, the appellant's case being argued by Mr. A. Charles, Q.C., who had not concluded his address when their lordships adjourned.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION AT MAIDSTONE.—At a crowded meeting recently held at Maidstone to protest against the action of the authorities in closing the local museum on Sundays, sympathetic telegrams were read from Lords Dunraven and Thurlow, and statistics were quoted showing that since Maidstone Museum was opened on Sundays three years ago the attendance on those days had been much larger than on any weekday, and the privilege had been appreciated by the working classes and young people.

CARDINAL NEWMAN attained the age of eighty on Monday last. THE NEW CANON OF WESTMINSTER.—The Queen has approved the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Barry, Canon of Worcester Cathedral and Principal of King's College, to the canonry at Westminster Abbey, vacant by the death of Lord John Thynne. Dr. Barry is the second son of the late Sir Charles Barry, the architect. He was born in 1826, educated at King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and has held in succession the posts of Sub-Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, head master of the Leeds Grammar School, Principal of Cheltenham College, and Principal of King's College, London. In 1871 he was appointed a Canon of Worcester, and one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary.

THE NEW BURIALS ACT, which received the Royal assent on the 17th inst., is intended to correct a curious blunder which was made in the drafting of the previous Act. It provides that nothing in the 11th section of the Act, 1880, shall have, or be deemed in law to have had, the effect of repealing or in any manner altering any of the provisions contained in the 17th section of the Act of 1874 in any case whatever, save and except only the case of a burial under the Act 1880. The words "in the case of a burial under that Act," in Section 11 of the Burial Laws Amendment Act, 1880, shall be construed and read as if they had been "in the case of a burial under this Act."



POPULAR CONCERTS.—The return of Herr Joseph Joachim, which gave an interest apart to Monday evening's concert, brought the usual crowded and enthusiastic audience to St. James's Hall. The programme of the evening included a group of four from the new set of "Hungarian Dances," by his friend Johannes Brahms, arranged for violin and pianoforte (in which his associate was Miss Marie Krebs), and two quartets, the first by Beethoven, the second by Haydn. The "Beethoven" was No. 4 of the five so-called "Posthumous Quartets," the one in C sharp minor, by many connoisseurs looked upon as the finest of the series. Seldom has this extraordinary work been more admirably rendered, even with Joachim as leader and Piatti as violoncello than on Monday, when the coadjutors of the Hungarian and Italian "nonpareils" were Ries and Straus, able and experienced players both, as all are aware. Joachim has made these intricate, difficult, and original compositions his own, and the result is adequate to the pains and thought bestowed. Three-quarters of an hour at least are absorbed in the performance of this quartet; yet the attention of the audience never flagged, and the interest was maintained to the last note of the impetuous *finale*. Thus the coming of Joachim has already borne good fruits, and is the harbinger of much more to follow. The pianoforte sonata, played by Miss Marie Krebs in her most brilliant manner, was one of the last "five" (E major, Op. 109) which at one period were looked upon by the majority of pianists as beyond ordinary comprehension, but which are now, for reasons unnecessary to explain, as easily understood as any of their precursors. Mdlle. Krebs entered thoroughly into the spirit of the work, and satisfied her most critical hearers. Amid all this, and with the "Hungarian Dances" to wind up, the cheerful and melodious quartet of Haydn held its own, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The singer was Mr. Oswald, who, in an air by Carissimi and two songs by Gounod (the last a somewhat overwrought setting of Shelley's little poem "Love's Philosophy") was much applauded. On Monday next Madame Schumann will make her first appearance after a protracted absence.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The performance of Professor Macfarren's Bristol oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, drew a large audience, and was a great and well-merited success. The chorus and orchestra were good in all respects, and the quartet of leading singers—Messdames Lemmens Sherrington and Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Frederick King—everything for the most part the composer himself could have desired. The whole passed off well; the impressive choral sentence, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," was unanimously encored; and the noble climax to the first part, with its elaborate fugal treatment, created the old effect. Mr. Barnby, the conductor, took every possible pains to make the performance as complete as possible, and deserves much credit for the result. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present.

MR. HALLÉ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—There was a good deal of interest in the second of Mr. Hallé's concerts, which came off on Saturday night in St. James's Hall. Impressions differ about the abstract merits of Goldmark's symphony, "A Rustic Wedding" (already made known to us by Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace); but there can hardly be any divergence of opinion with regard to the Triple Concerto of Beethoven, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played as it was by Mr. Hallé, Madame Neruda, and Signor Piatti, or as to the "Haffner Serenade" of Mozart, for full orchestra with violin solo, which, though hitherto unknown to the London public, is not unknown to the many admirers of the gifted Salzburg musician. Madame Neruda was the violinist in the Serenade as well as in the Triple Concerto; so that in each instance something near perfection could be reckoned on, and something near perfection was obtained. The introduction of *Lohengrin* and Svendsen's second *Rhapsodie Norvegienne* completed altogether a rich selection, and the Manchester Orchestra, conducted by their indefatigable chief, were at their best. There was no vocal music. For to-night, at the third concert, we are promised Berlioz's *Enfance de Christ*, which, though not new to Manchester, is new to London, except to the zealous partisans of its once much-disputed author.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S CONCERT.—The third of these entertainments (on Tuesday evening) brought as crowded an audience to St. James's Hall as either of those which preceded it, and the entertainment proved just as attractive. The concert-giver's chief successes were in Blumenthal's "Requital," a sort of pair-off to the more generally popular "Message" (accompanied by the composer), and J. L. Hatton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart," which created a furore, but which, as the trying "Bay of Biscay" was to follow, the singer resolutely declined to repeat, the cause of which being explained, the uproar ceased, and was followed by a genuine round of applause. Thus the "Bay of Biscay" was saved, to the general content of the audience, more especially as it was given in Mr. Reeves's best manner. Miss Minnie Hauk, besides singing with Mr. Sims Reeves the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, was again encored in the "Echo Song," and again substituted "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet" amid applause and laughter of the heartiest kind. Among other things Mr. Herbert Reeves (accompanied by the composer) sang with genuine and unforced expression a new and graceful serenade by Mr. Blumenthal, which entirely won the approval of the audience. Other vocal pieces were contributed by Misses Helen Dalton and Agnes Ross, Mr. Oswald and the London Vocal Union; Mr. Sidney Smith played two pianoforte fantasies of his own with his accustomed success, the "Danse Napolitaine" being particularly effective. Mr. Sidney Naylor was the "conductor."

EDINBURGH.—The Reid Festival Concerts, superintended by Sir Herbert Oakley, Professor of Music at the University, have been eminently successful this year. The programmes were very interesting, especially that of the Reid Concert itself, when the liberal General's Own March ("The Garb of Gaul"), Pastoral, and Minuet, were performed, according to traditional custom. The orchestra was Mr. Hallé's "Manchester," Mr. Hallé himself being pianist and conductor, Madame Neruda violinist, Mdlle. Breidenstein and Mr. Joseph Maas, vocalists. Sir Herbert Oakley has done no little to advance the cause of good music in the Scotch capital.

BALLAD CONCERTS.—The first part of Wednesday's programme consisted entirely of German popular songs, including "Ever Thine" (Abt), sung with good effect by Miss Clara Samuelli, "Rose Softly Blooming" (Spohr), sweetly rendered by Miss Mary Davies, "Creation's Hymn" (Beethoven), grandly declaimed by Madame Patey, "Far Away Where Angels Dwell" (Blumenthal), by Mr. Edward Lloyd, "The Erl King" (Schubert) given by Mr. Santley in his best manner, and Mendelssohn's duets, "O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" and "Maybells," charmingly sung by Miss Mary Davies and Madame Patey. The South London Choral Association contributed several part songs in their usually effective manner.

WAIFS.—Mdlle. Aglaja Orgeni, some years ago a favourite *prima donna* at our Royal Italian Opera, is at present on a visit to London.—M. Lamoureux, the great promoter of Handel's music in

Paris, and late conductor at the Grand Opera, is already among us, preparing for his two orchestral concerts in St. James's Hall, at which it is his intention to produce some of the most noticeable productions of living French composers.—Miss Rose Hersee has quitted Australia, where she has been so well received, but having concluded some engagements to sing at Cape Town, is not expected in England until May.—The second and special rehearsal of the programme of the first Philharmonic Concert, at which subscribers are allowed to be present, was held under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins on Wednesday morning, which reminded some present, no doubt, of the old Saturday rehearsals in the Hanover Square Rooms, when the concerts were always given on the Monday following.—Mr. Maurice Strakosch is here on business connected with his great scheme of presenting the entire *Tetralogy* of Wagner to the English operatic public.

MR. MILLAIS' WORKS

A SMALL but interesting exhibition, consisting of sixteen pictures by Mr. Millais, is now open to public view at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street. Produced at intervals during a period of more than thirty years, these works exemplify almost every phase of the painter's art. None of them is likely to be regarded with so much interest and curiosity as those produced at a very early stage of his artistic career, when he belonged to the small association of young artists styling themselves pre-Raphaelites. The first in order of production, "Isabella," suggested by Keats' poem, and exhibited in 1849, aptly illustrates the nature of this movement and the aims of those who initiated it. The subject is dramatically conceived, and the composition ingenious and original, but the picture is remarkable above all things for its uncompromising adherence to actual fact; every head is marked by distinct individuality, and, as well as every detail of the work, is painted with minute elaboration and with all the realistic force at the painter's command.

The large picture of "Christ in the House of His Parents," produced a year later, is finished with even more laborious completeness. The striking originality of this work, and the defiant disregard which it shows of traditional modes of treating religious subjects, caused considerable divergence of opinion. Whatever may be thought of the conception of the subject, there can be no question as to the great amount of art displayed in its interpretation. In neither of these pictures has any attempt been made to represent physical beauty; the painter has deliberately chosen for his models very ordinary types of humanity, and has in no degree modified their individual peculiarities. The smaller pictures belonging to the same early period—"Ferdinand Lured by Ariel" and "The Woodman's Daughter"—are less interesting, being chiefly remarkable for the elaborate care with which all the details of the varied vegetation are realised.

Mr. Millais' adherence to the primitive kind of art which he derived from the example of the early Italian painters was not of long duration. His "Order of Release" was painted only three years after these pictures, but it shows that in the interval he had acquired, together with greatly increased power, enlarged views of the purposes of art. Apart from its truth of expression, and the dramatic power with which the incident is set forth, the picture is remarkable for its perfection of form and excellent keeping. In the early pictures there are isolated passages of colour of great beauty, but none of them can compare with this in general harmony and balance of tone.

After this period Mr. Millais gradually increased the scale of his work, and adopted a corresponding largeness and breadth of style. Of the great and varied power displayed in his later works it is needless to speak. His penetrating perception of character, as well as his fine sense of colour and magnificent power of handling, are displayed in "The North-West Passage" and "The Yeoman of the Guard;" and a splendid example of his unrivalled skill in treating childish portraiture is to be seen in "Cherry Ripe," exhibited last year at the "Graphic Gallery of Beauty." "The Princes in the Tower," painted three years ago, is here, and as a companion to it, a picture, not before exhibited, of "The Princess Elizabeth in Prison at St. James's." The attitude of the Princess is natural and graceful, and her youthful face very beautiful and pathetic in expression.



LAWSON v. LABOUCHERE.—The trial of this long-pending indictment for libel has at last been definitely fixed for March 18.

THE ALLEGED SPIRITUALIST FRAUDS.—Mrs. Fletcher was on Saturday committed for trial, her counsel reserving further defence, and Mr. Wontner, on behalf of the Treasury, undertaking that the evidence of the prosecutrix should not be put in at the trial unless she herself was present.

THE USE OF REVOLVERS, or rather their abuse, which has recently become so common amongst us, may, it appears, be stopped without special legislation if the police authorities choose to put in force the power they already possess under the Gun Licences Act of 1870, by which every unlicensed possessor of a revolver is liable to a penalty of 10*l*.

VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, while dining with his brother Benchers on Monday evening, was suddenly seized with paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his arm. His Court was closed in consequence next day.

ANTI-VACCINATIONISTS at Bedford have hitherto received lenient treatment from the borough magistrates, the practice being to impose a fine of 6*d*., without costs. The Guardians of the Poor have, however, made the discovery that this means a charge upon the Common Fund of 6*s. 6d.* in each case, and they have accordingly written to the magistrates, suggesting that such offenders shall in future be made to pay the costs.

AN EXACTING AUTHOR.—The case of Sprowl v. Waterlow, disposed of by the Queen's Bench Division the other day, was both singular and amusing. The plaintiff had written a book entitled "Dreams of My Solitude on the Mechanism of the Heavens," and had employed the defendants to print it, paying them 75*l*. on account. He, however, appears to have expected a great deal for his money, for he suggested that they should not only set up the type and make ordinary corrections, but "substitute or add words occasionally, harmonise the paragraphs, correct errors in grammar, tautology, and redundancy, and even scientific slips;" and moreover, as he said in one of his notes to the manager, "You can easily devote five hours a day to it when you are at leisure in your own house." Messrs. Waterlow naturally took quite a different view of the contract, and it is certainly not surprising that Lord Coleridge and the jury decided in their favour.

A SEPTUAGENARIAN.—An ardent but fickle-minded lover of the fair sex, who is alleged to have gone through the ceremony of marriage with no fewer than seven women, all of whom are alive, has been given into custody by one of the half-dozen deceived ladies, and now stands committed for trial.

A WHOLESALE ROBBERY OF REGISTERED LETTERS was committed on January 24th by a letter-sorter employed at the General Post Office, who cut open two bags and made off with ten registered letters. As soon as the theft was discovered a warrant was issued for his arrest, but he was not seen again until Monday last, when he surrendered himself at the General Post Office, saying that he had spent all the money. He has been committed for trial.

DEATH UNDER CHLOROFORM.—The other day a cabman, who had by some means—it is not clear whether from a fall or from being maltreated by the police—had dislocated his arm, was taken by his son to St. Mary's Hospital, where the surgeons, despite the young man's remonstrance, placed him under chloroform, from the effects of which he died. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by misadventure; but we should think that the conduct both of the police and of the medical men concerned in the case ought to have been further investigated.

THE MURDER OF LIEUTENANT ROPER is still involved in mystery, no new light having been thrown on the sad occurrence at the adjourned inquest. Whoever the assassin may have been, and whatever his motive, it seems clear that he was well acquainted with the ins and outs of the building; and this ought to narrow the inquiry somewhat, though it by no means follows that the person to be looked for now resides there, nor even that he belongs to the army.

THE GRAVESEND MURDER has been acknowledged to by George Moore, the soldier who was taken into custody on suspicion. He, however, alleges that his intention was simply robbery, not murder, and says that when the old lady screamed at the sight of the razor which he produced to frighten her into telling him where the money could be found, he cut her throat lest the neighbours should hear her cries. He then became frightened, and so left the house at once, without taking anything away.

A CABDRIVER named Fallover has just been arrested on suspicion of being the man who, on January 26th, knocked down a lady and gentleman who were crossing the Strand, and then drove rapidly away. The gentleman died from the injuries he received.

A FENIAN CONSPIRATOR, or at least a man who proclaimed himself to be one, and who affirmed that he knew all the secrets of the organisation, and that there would be a "great burst" before long, was the other night taken into custody at Manchester. He, however, turned out to be merely a drunken foolish braggart, and so escaped on payment of a fine of five shillings.



THE TURF.—More miserable weather than that which attended the First Spring Meeting at Sandown Park can hardly be imagined, so bad indeed that on the second day, after three races had been run, the Stewards decided that the next should be postponed *de die in diem*, snow having completely covered the ground. There is little or nothing to note in reference to the races that did come off with the exception that Abbot of St. Mary's, a rather unlucky animal, but bound to make a good chaser, took the Prince of Wales's Steeple Chase for Sir George Chetwynd, who also scored in another race with his new purchase Summer Breeze.—Among the odds and ends of Turf news it may be noted that Rayon d'Or and Inval have left Newmarket for France, where they will be used for stud purposes.

—Henry George is becoming a very hot favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Peter is in strong demand for the City and Suburban, and there seems no good reason why he should not perform a feat equal to that of Master Kildare.—Poor Constable, the jockey, who was taken off in the very prime of life, was buried at Epsom on Saturday last. He received every attention from Lord and Lady Rosebery during his illness. The former was present at his death and attended the funeral. It is very pleasant in these days, when so many employers and employees are at variance, to see such a notable instance of kindly feeling between the two.

COURSING.—Another Waterloo has come and gone, and every one interested in coursing knows that Princess Dagmar, owned by the Norfolk courser, Mr. Postle, but run in the nomination of Mr. Miller, won the cup. This annual contest is invariably full of incidents, and it would not be difficult to fill many columns of a newspaper, or indeed a whole newspaper, with them. Perhaps the most curious is that Mr. Postle did this year exactly what Lord Haddington did last, in lending his best—or what turned out to be the best—dog to a friend, and himself running an inferior one. Last year Lord Haddington ran Haidee, and she was first favourite at starting, but went down in the first round, while Honeywood, lent to run in Mr. Carruther's nomination, won the "blue ribbon of the leash." This year Mr. Postle ran Palm Bloom in his own interests, but lent the winner, Princess Dagmar, to Mr. Miller. The recent contest has also followed in the wake of those of two previous years, especially of 1879, the early defeat of favourites being a conspicuous feature, and showing that the previous performances of the greyhounds cannot be relied on to anything like the same extent as those of racehorses. Towards the end of the business last week, hardly an animal which had been well up in the market quotations was left in, and actually Mr. Brocklebank's Bishop, who ran the deciding course with the winner, stood on the night of the draw something like 2,000 to 5, the least fancied of the sixty-four dogs, and Princess Dagmar was in the "outside" division. Notwithstanding the wretched state of the ground in many parts of the Altcar Plains, and the anticipated condition of the hares which it was thought would involve unreliable trials, the coursing was first-rate, the hares, which had been well supplied with vegetable and cereal food of all kinds, being quite up to the mark, the slipping and judging unexceptionable, and the competing dogs being as a whole quite up to, or even above, the average. Altogether, the great coursing tournament was most satisfactory, and especially from the fact that without doubt the best dog of the week won the Cup. The most unsatisfactory aspect of the business was from a backer-of-favourites point of view. Mr. Miller, a staunch supporter of the sport, though a "young" public courser, is to be congratulated on his success, especially as it follows so quickly on that he achieved only two years ago when he was returned a Waterloo winner with his own dog, Misterton.

AQUATICS.—Our Canadian and Australian scullers have all started on their way homewards, and it may be hoped that what they have done in their several matches and the "Hop Bitters" competition will not tend to dispirit our native talent, but, on the contrary, incite English scullers to try and regain their lost laurels.—There is no specially interesting news re the University Eights; but there is (at least at the time of writing) some difficulty as to fixing the date for the great annual race. It was arranged, as we understood originally, for Saturday, April 9th, as "per usual," in reference to certain moveable fasts and feasts, but now it is said that it is likely the day before will be agreed on. Anyhow the race will take place between 9 and 10 A.M., an hour which will not be acceptable to many of our friends.

FOOTBALL.—Since our last the football players have been very busy in all directions. The Association Challenge Cup contest, as usual, gets very interesting as it draws towards its close. The Old Etonians have made short work of Grey Friars, winning by four



MAJOR WILLIAM HENRY HINGSTON, 58TH REGIMENT
Killed in the Action at Laing's Nek, Jan. 28, 1881



DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSARY-GENERAL E. T. S. CARTER
Died of Wounds Received in the Action near Middelburg, Dec. 20, 1880



LIEUT. H. A. C. HARRISON, 94TH REGIMENT
Killed in the Action near Middelburg, Dec. 20, 1880

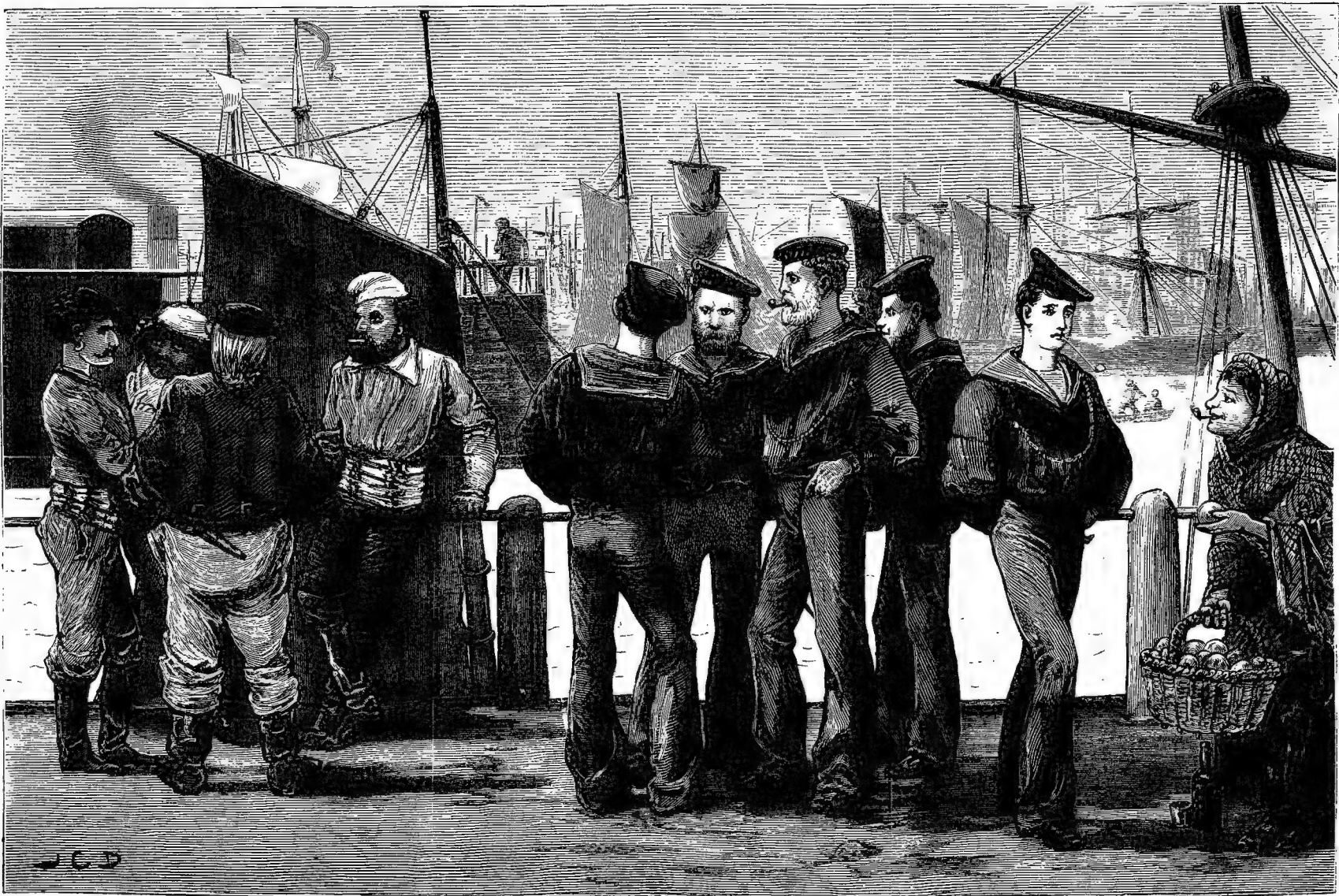


CAPTAIN JOHN MITCHELL ELLIOT, 94TH REGIMENT
Murdered by a Boer Escort, while a Prisoner Unarmed and on Parole, Dec. 29, 1880

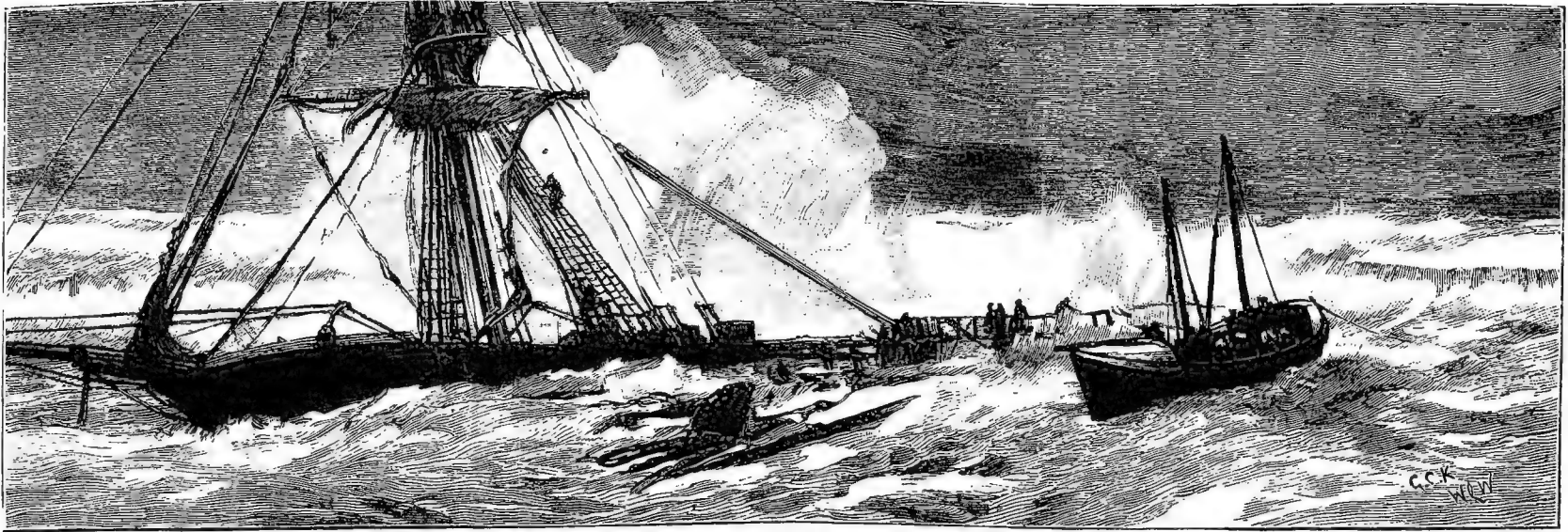


CAPTAIN R. H. LAMBART, ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS
Fired at by a Boer Escort, while a Prisoner Unarmed and on Parole, Dec. 29, 1880

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL



IRELAND — BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS ASHORE AT QUEENSTOWN

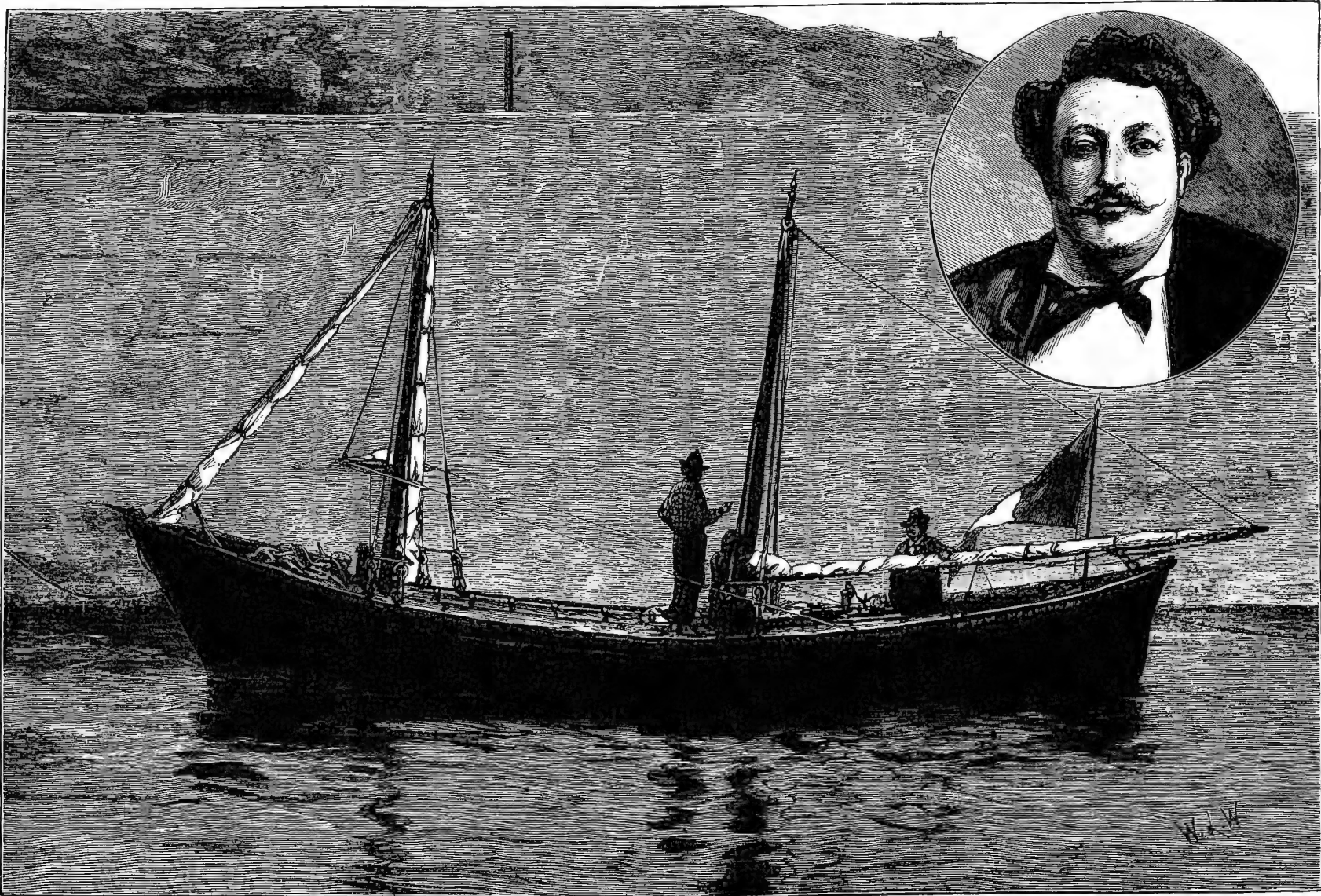


THE RAMSGATE LIFEBOAT RESCUING THE SURVIVORS



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THE WRECK OF THE "INDIAN CHIEF"

VINCENTE FONDACARO (CAPTAIN)



THE ITALIAN MINIATURE SCHOONER "LEONE DI CAPRERA," WHICH HAS RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

goals to none, Romford has beaten Great Marlow, Stafford Road (Wolverhampton) Aston Villa (Birmingham), and the Royal Engineers, somewhat unexpectedly, were repulsed by the Old Carthusians. The four winners above mentioned, with the Clapham Rovers and Darwen, are the six clubs left to fight out the fifth round, which will have to be completed at Kennington Oval on or before Saturday, March 19th.—For the Hospitals' Challenge Cup, Middlesex had no chance with King's, who totaled up four goals, six tries, and sixteen touches down, which the London Hospital men still persist in counting. In the first International Rugby Union Match played between England and Wales at Blackheath on Saturday last, the latter had to "eat the leek" to a very considerable extent, their opponents scoring no less than eight goals and five tries to *nil*.—One of the most interesting and best Association games of the season has been that at the Oval between the Clapham Rovers and Queen's Park (Glasgow), perhaps the two most powerful clubs in the kingdom, and if it had not been for an unlucky accident, whereby one of the Rovers caused the ball to pass between their own posts, the game would have been a drawn one, so evenly were the two Elevens matched.—Another first-class match has been that between the North of England and the South, played at Sheffield under Association Rules. After a capital game the record was two goals for the South to one for the North.

BILLIARDS.—A Billiard Handicap after the American system is now in progress every evening at the Westminster Aquarium, and ten of our best players are taking part in it. The contest will not conclude till the evening of the first of next month.



MISS LITTON'S revivals of old plays are conceived and executed in a very different spirit from that of Mr. Hollingshead, when he lately invited the public to witness his resuscitations of pieces which had been the delight of past generations of playgoers, but are now fallen into complete neglect. This lady does not select comedies with a view to ridicule antiquated tastes; she has no deep design to exalt the reputation of these latter days in the matter of dramatic connoisseurship at the expense of the despised eighteenth century; and so far from asking her patrons to observe how very bad the old pieces were, or from inviting them to pay their money merely to see how unprofitably their money has been expended, she simply selects for revival works which she believes to be worth reviving; and, what is more, she does her best to make them entertaining. Goldsmith's *Good Natured Man*, it is true, was not accounted even in its best days worthy of the author of *She Stoops to Conquer*; nor was it, strictly speaking, ever a popular play. Yet it has many amusing scenes; and in Mr. Croaker it presents us with a character which never fails in competent hands to prove extremely diverting. Above all it is a comedy of Goldsmith, and as such it naturally excited some curiosity in readers as to its acting qualities. *The Country Girl*, altered by Garrick from Wycherley, was an even more interesting revival, both on account of its amusing story and incidents, and the excellent acting bestowed upon it. The third revival, given at the Gaiety Theatre for the first time on Saturday morning last, is Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, *The Busybody*, originally produced in 1709, and certainly one of the most popular dramatic works of the last century. It can hardly be said to have been definitively withdrawn from the stage. At any rate the famous part of Marplot was one of the late Charles Mathews' celebrated impersonations; and some excellent representations of this piece must still be within the memory of living playgoers. *The Busybody*, however, is sufficiently near the category of obsolete plays to add an element of curiosity to the feeling of the spectators; and the mere fact that a five-act comedy, written by a lady in the days of Queen Anne, should be found capable of affording genuine entertainment for three hours to a mixed audience in these days is sufficiently interesting.

Mrs. Centlivre's career was, indeed, in many respects not a little remarkable. How she became possessed of that knowledge of the practical arts of the stage, which is conspicuous even in her earliest productions, is not very clear. She is said to have been born in Ireland, the daughter of a gentleman who had been ruined by his association with the Republican party under the Commonwealth. When a mere girl, according to the old memoir published soon after her death, she had run away from the house of her father (then living in England), and started from Lincolnshire for London on foot. On the way she met with the afterwards celebrated Anthony Hammond, who induced her to visit Oxford, where for some time she assumed male attire—such at least is the legend; but it appears to be true that she married her first husband, a well-born gentleman of the name of Fox, when in her sixteenth year. Left a widow before she had been married twelve months, she next married an officer in the army, who within a year after of their union was killed in a duel. Thus left without provision she betook herself at once to her pen for support, and produced her tragedy, *The Perjured Husband*. It is said that while she was acting some small part on the stage at the theatre at Windsor she first dazzled the eyes of Mr. Centlivre—presumptively a Frenchman, both because of his name and because he was the principal cook to Queen Anne. She was then twenty-six years of age, and this her last matrimonial venture seems to have been a very happy one. Her beauty and cleverness attracted many celebrities to her circle, and the success of her plays, of which she produced no fewer than nineteen, contributed no doubt still further to their happiness and prosperity. Mrs. Centlivre is said to have been well acquainted with the Spanish, French, Italian, and Latin languages; and it is suspected that more of her incidents and characters are due to foreign sources than her critics have been able to discover. She died at her husband's house in Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, in 1723, at the early age of forty-three.

The Busybody is a brisk, bristling comedy in which the situation is continually shifting, while plot and underplot are ingeniously contrived to cross and recross each other. Its main thread of intrigue arises from the clever but rather hypocritical and heartless *ruses* of the lovely Miranda in outwitting a miserly old guardian who designs to marry her himself and secure her fortune. So far we have only the conventional ready-witted ward and the *tuteur dupé* of Spanish, French, and Italian comedy; but with this is much clever contrivance; and the introduction of the character of Marplot (faintly foreshadowed by Molière's *Etourdi*) affords a perpetual source of amusing *contratemps* owing to the habit of this personage of prying into and meddling in other people's affairs—always with the best intentions but invariably with the most disastrous results. Marplot is played with great humour and spirit by Mr. Lionel Brough; and in Miss Litton the spectators find an actress not only of very pleasing appearance, but of a special talent for depicting cleverness and lively wit. For the part of the penurious, but still gay and gallant old guardian, the services have been secured of that excellent actor Mr. Howe, who preserves so well the traditions of the old comedy. His Sir Francis Gripe is really a very finished and certainly a highly amusing study. Of the remaining impersonations Mr. Kyrle Bellew's Sir George Airy is perhaps the best, the actor having very happily caught the spirit of that exaggerated gallantry which distinguishes the conventional lovers of these old pieces.

Altogether, the revival of *The Busybody* may be considered the happiest of Miss Litton's recent "happy thoughts." There can be little doubt that the performance will prove specially attractive.

Madame Modjeska will reappear at the COURT Theatre on Monday next in Mr. Mortimer's version of *La Dame aux Camélias*; which is to be followed by a new semi-historical play by Mr. W. G. Wills, entitled *Juanita*. The scene of the latter piece, we understand, is laid in Spain about the commencement of the sixteenth century.—The revival of *Masks and Faces* has led to a sharp controversy between Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Bancroft on the one hand, and a correspondent whose criticisms have appeared in the Monday article on Theatres in the *Daily News*. Mr. Wingfield supports the correctness of the costumes designed by him by reference to works published in 1730 and 1760. His censor replies that fashions change, and that the period of the play is clearly about 1750. It is curious that the date of the death of Mrs. Woffington, the actress, is among the matters in dispute—Mr. Wingfield referring the event to 1757 or 1769; and his critic contending, on the authority of Galt and the actress's tombstone, that she died March 12th, 1760. One would think that the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* would furnish a ready and excellent text on this simple point—if there is really any doubt on the subject.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, only recently vacated by the Haverley Minstrels, is now the *locus* of a novel and interesting experiment by Mr. Samuel Hayes, who has got together a select company of music hall celebrities for the performance of afternoon "drawing-room entertainments." The programme includes the names of several male and female vocalists and dancers well known at the London Music Halls, and also two or three from the Continent, among whom is Mdlle. Kadoudja, "La Célèbre Chanteuse Africaine," conspicuous not only on account of her brilliant singing, but also by reason of her very deep brunette complexion, and the Oriental gorgeousness of the costume in which she appears. Other notable performers are John Leclair, who is very properly called "Le Jongleur Extraordinaire;" Mdlle. Corti, the "Sivori of the mandolin," an extremely clever instrumentalist; Miss M. Gilchrist, a transformation dancer, whose *forte* lies in rapid changes of costume; and "The Fiji Flutterers," who conclude the entertainment with a burlesque quadrille.

At the SURREY a melodramatic version of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" has been produced under the title of *All for Gold*. It is written by Mr. F. Hopkins, an Australian gentleman, and Mr. Alfred Dampier, the tragedian, who sustains the part of Dagobert, also hails from that country. Mr. W. H. Wallace acts with energy and success as a miser; and the two children, Rose and Lily Simon, are well represented by two clever juvenile performers.



ENGLISH CART HORSE SOCIETY.—This Society's exhibition, which opened on Wednesday under Royal patronage at the Agricultural Hall, is a good one in point of numbers, and shows a great increase on last year both in mares and stallions. Twenty-eight counties are represented, and among the exhibitors are the Dukes of Beaufort and Westminster, Earls Spencer, Ellesmere, and Macclesfield, Lord Hastings, and the Hon. E. Coke. To-day (Friday) an auction takes place in the Hall, and a large attendance of breeders is almost certain.—Mr. Hart, of Cannock Chase, has given 252*l.* for the famous draught stallion, Samson the Fourth.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—A union of the Royal and of the Bath and West of England Societies is being mooted. If the public interest in the shows had been markedly diminished of recent years the union might be desirable, but no such hint has been given. A serious argument against union is to be found in the treachery of our climate, which may make shows a dreary failure in mid-July. If the Royal is rain-spoilt, the West of England may escape, and *vice versa*. Let us not leave to the malicious Clerk of the Weather the power to blight the only great show of the season.

SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, whose death has thrown a county into mourning, was a brilliant angler, his successes in a day's sport being seldom equalled by any companion. He was also very devoted to his home farm, where he farmed high, and where he kept up the well-known Eden Hall herd of shorthorns. He was a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society until his various occupations had so increased that he found himself unable to give full attention to the London Association. Throughout Cumberland and the whole Lake District he was deeply and truly liked.

TENANT FARMERS AND CANADA.—A Report of British tenant farmers in Canada has just been published at the Canadian Government Offices, 10, Victoria Chambers, S.W. The gist of the pamphlet is distinctly favourable to the Dominion. The cold in comparatively low latitudes of the United States is so intense in winter that if a farmer once sets his eyes "towards the setting sun" he may as well go to Manitoba as to Dakota, Iowa, or even the better known Ohio and Illinois. The Canadian Government makes great efforts to help the better sort of settlers.

DEER.—The Earl of Derby has purchased the famous fallow herd at Epton Park, and has removed them to the Knowsley demesne, where there is already a herd of great size and much beauty.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—Parts of Durham and Hampshire, hitherto free from infection, have now been attacked. During the month of March no animal will be allowed to be moved by land or water from any place or port in England or Wales to any place or port in Scotland.

CHICKENS.—Although eggs purchased from a regular breeder are so frequently the beginning of fowl-keeping, experience shows that it is better to buy the birds. A season is saved, and one knows the sort of chickens more exactly than with any egg, even dear and specially selected settings. There is too much buying of show birds. Buying from the yards that produce most show birds is a better plan. Long-legged, tall birds, it should be remembered, are very seldom good layers. Still less likely are they to sit well, and they break a serious number of eggs.

HIGHWAYS.—Major Allen, late Member for Somerset, recently addressed an agricultural meeting on this subject. Turnpikes, he said, represented a fair principle, but the present highway rate was unfair. To some extent they had rated particular mines, but not to the extent they ought to have done it. Originally the highways were intended for the good of the country and the carrying of the mails. And as originally these roads were not made for the good of the particular district, it was a question whether the Imperial Exchequer ought not to maintain them. He regretted that men were not now put on the roads in times of little employment, in order to save their coming on the rates. He should like to see a more agricultural management of the roads, and the Imperial Exchequer ought to give a material proportion of relief to the local rates.

TURNIPS.—Dr. Provost, of Cirencester, has lately been reading an elaborate paper on turnips and phosphates, giving as a result of experiments, reported in detail, that the best dressing for turnips was a mixture of superphosphate and insoluble phosphate, the former to start the growth of the plant, and the latter to sustain its after life.

At a local meeting, where the paper was read, a discussion followed, in which some eminent West Country agriculturists were found in remarkable agreement as to the general superiority of superphosphate as a dressing on the Cotswold Hills and neighbouring localities.

SALISBURY.—A very large agricultural meeting is expected here on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of June. The arrangements, however, will not be carried out if the Privy Council restrictions on removal of cattle is in force at Midsummer. Cattle, sheep, implements, dogs, poultry, seeds, and flowers will all be shown, and the Berkshire influence is likely to produce a remarkably good exhibition of pigs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. A. Rumboll, of Bristol, has been awarded the first prize of the Royal Agricultural Society for proficiency in the treatment of diseases of cattle.—The skylark has been heard in full song more than once during the past week.—Sixty sheep were attacked the other day at Dundry by some dogs, and a number of them fatally injured.—The Clam and Bait Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by 96 to 5.—A gentleman writes to point out the present appropriateness of an old statement of Mr. Mechi, that cake and corn consumed in summer by sheep and cattle on grass land will yield a better profit to the tenant than will the growth of hay.—Thousand of acres of pasturage are still under water in Gloucestershire and Somerset.—The prize steer, at the Orkney Agricultural Society's Show just held, is said to have weighed 2,300 lbs.—On Monday last Mr. Kinahan read before the Irish Geological Society a paper on the cultivation of Irish waste lands. As many non-members would like to read the paper, its publication in a pamphlet form appears desirable.—Among the plants "recommended" to farmers must now be counted flax. It has not been found on former trials to be a paying crop on ordinary English farms.

LEGAL PROCEDURE AND CASE LAW.—A Committee appointed by the Lord Chancellor is now sitting for the purpose of inquiring into certain defects of the procedure in our Law Courts, and its recommendations will be awaited with much anxiety; but, as Sir George Bowyer has pointed out in a letter to *The Times*, no mere reform of procedure can possibly have the effect of producing good and cheap administration of justice. What is really needed is a radical reform of the law itself, nothing less than the abolition of "Case Law," which makes "the law on the Monday morning whatever the judges have said on the Saturday afternoon." In this way we constantly see examples of the annoying absurdity of the *dictum* of one judge being quoted on the plaintiff's side, and that of another on that of the defendant, and occasionally the decision of the Court being based upon that of a third, which has been overlooked by the contending counsel. Among the suggestions made by the Incorporated Law Society is one for the abolition of daily "refreshers" to counsel, as being one of the chief causes of the undue lengthening of trials, and the increased expenses thereby occasioned, and though the Council have since repudiated the interpretation put upon their words by Sir Henry James as "being a direct charge against the honour and even the honesty of barristers," they have not as yet responded to his subsequent inquiry as to what meaning their language is really intended to convey. To do away with "refreshers" would probably mean only the increase of the original fees paid to counsel, which are now usually fixed on the assumption that the cases will last only a definite time. No one can surely expect that the learned gentlemen of the law should without an adequate remuneration give their services and dance attendance in the Courts day after day during cases which happen to be prolonged by unforeseen circumstances. Besides, the same argument which would tell in favour of the abolition of barristers' fees might with equal justice be applied to those of solicitors and their clerks. It needs no technical legal education to enable one to discern that the chief cause of the deadlock in the Law Courts and the protracted length to which most cases are stretched out is not so much the multiplicity and bulk of the actual Acts of Parliament, though these are undeniably very great, as the unconscionable mass of "cases" and "precedents" to which constant reference is made in the pleadings of counsel and the decisions of judges. Now and again a cry is raised for the codification of the law, but the work is of such enormous magnitude that there appears little probability of its even being commenced, much less completed. And yet, as it seems to us, there is a simple, ready, and effectual method of dealing with the evil if we could only "screw our courage to the sticking place." Instead of attempting to condense and codify the existing laws, why should we not at once set about the construction of an entirely new code, terse and comprehensive (a work of infinitely less difficulty), and add thereto a short enactment decreeing that on a stated day the entire mass of the old law should be forever abolished, and be replaced by the new?

AN ANTI-VACCINATION RIOT.—It is difficult to read without impatience of the ill-timed demonstrations which are being made by certain short-sighted and ignorant individuals in various parts of the country against compulsory vaccination. Small-pox has been more than usually prevalent of late; and the Government, as well as the local authorities, are anxious respecting increased hospital accommodation in the event of a further spread of the epidemic. Despite these warnings, however, the anti-vaccination agitators have been exceptionally busy within the past few weeks. Last week, at Brighton, the public vaccinator, whose duty it was to prosecute a batch of defaulters, was roughly handled on his leaving the Police Court, to which the anti-vaccination party had accompanied their friends with a brass band and with flags flying. The person who had served the summonses was likewise assaulted. Several persons were arrested and fined, one being sent for trial. Since the above-mentioned disgraceful affair, the inhabitants of Leicester have made themselves conspicuous by a similar foolish, not to say fool-hardy, defiance of a humane law. In one day eighteen persons were summoned for non-compliance with the Act, and in each case were fined ten shillings, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment. It is stated that during last week more than one hundred similar cases were dealt with, and that there remain over two thousand summonses still to be heard. It would almost appear from this that a portion of the inhabitants of Leicestershire—only temporarily, it is to be hoped—are suffering from a malady of an even more serious nature than that which vaccination is intended to check, and one over which the moon is vulgarly supposed to have some influence. It is scarcely conceivable that amongst one town'sfolk, supposing them all to be blessed with common sense, there could be found between two and three thousand individuals clamorous to have the scourge in question back amongst them with all its old-fashioned and fatal virulence. Perhaps some excuse is furnished to them by the fact that a Member of the House of Commons has written to give the "persecuted" folk comfort; and he assures them, as regards the Compulsory Act, that "he is sanguine that the present Session will see the death of its compulsory clauses." Were such a consummation probable, one could almost wish that Irish affairs would occupy the House from now until next August rather than that the hon. member's "sanguine hope" should be gratified.

PIPE-SMOKING is only permitted in two Parisian clubs, and these, strangely enough, are the two most aristocratic of the city—the Jockey Club and the Cercle Impérial. In these same clubs, by the way, the members generally walk about with their hats on, while such a habit in less exclusive establishments would be regarded as a grave breach of decorum.

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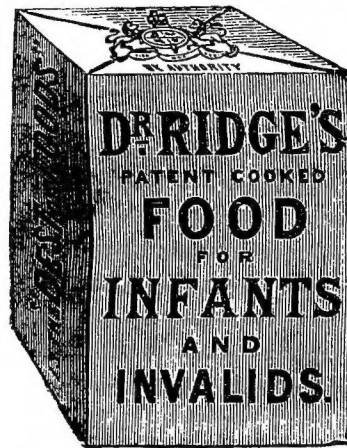
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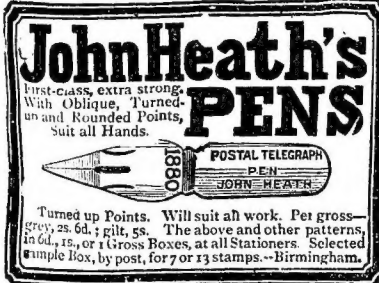
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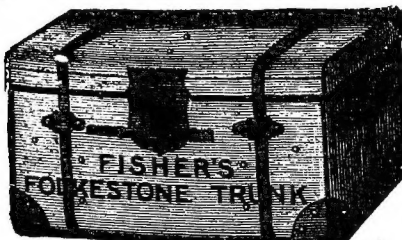
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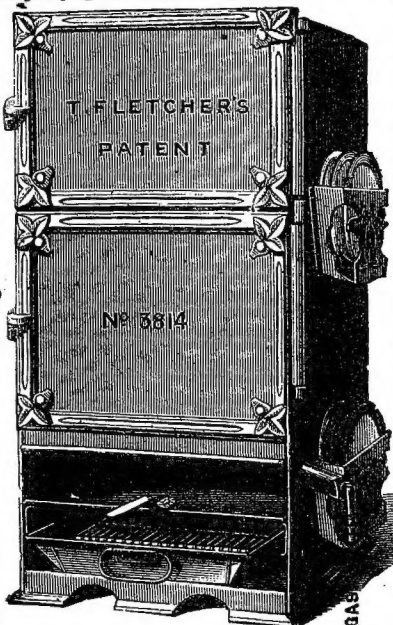


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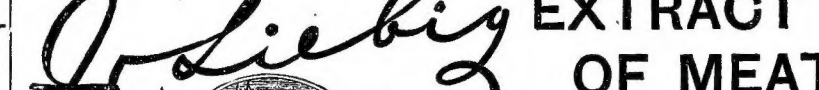


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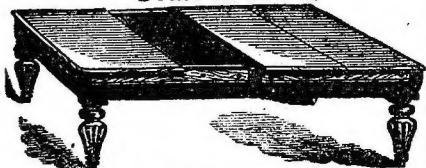
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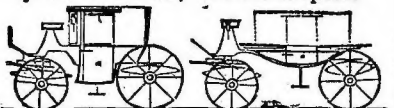
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decay of the teeth.

There are three kinds, distinguished from
each other by a Yellow, Green, and Red silk
thread attached to the bottle.

The Green Thread must be considered
the most valuable of all, and should be used as a
daily mouth-wash. Those who suffer periodically
from toothache, sensitiveness of
the teeth and gums, decay, and offensive breath,
will never suffer again, and will preserve their
teeth sound and white till the end, by using ten
or twelve drops in a little water, to rinse the
mouth well night and morning.

The Yellow Thread instantly removes
toothache, however violent it may be.

The Red Thread is used in the same
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for children.

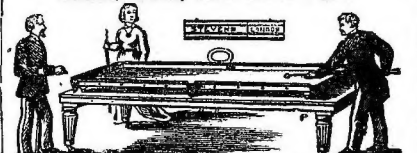
M. Suez also recommends a particularly
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To guard against counterfeit buy only those
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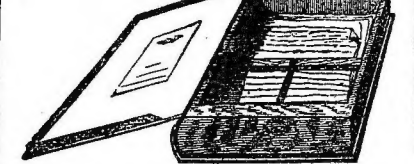
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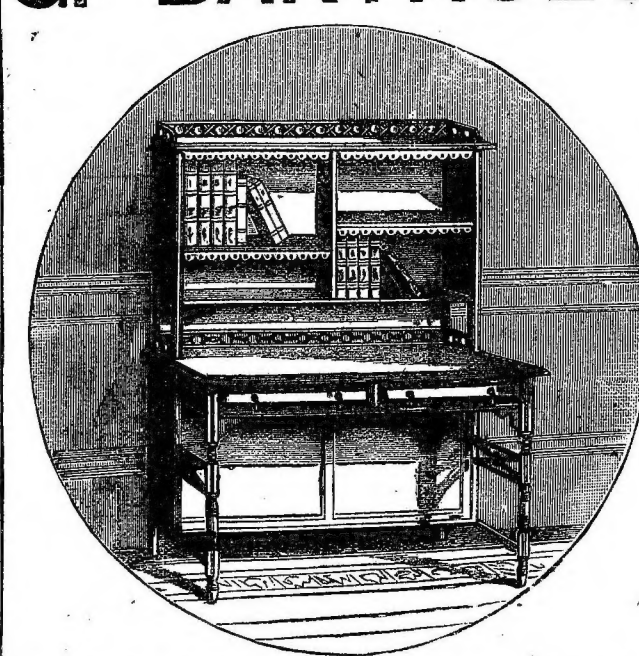
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